

# SCREENLAND

OCTOBER, 1925

PRICE 25 CENTS



MARY ASTOR, Allisoncolor by Lucas-Kanarian

00.00 for INCIDENTS for a SCENARIO-Page 20



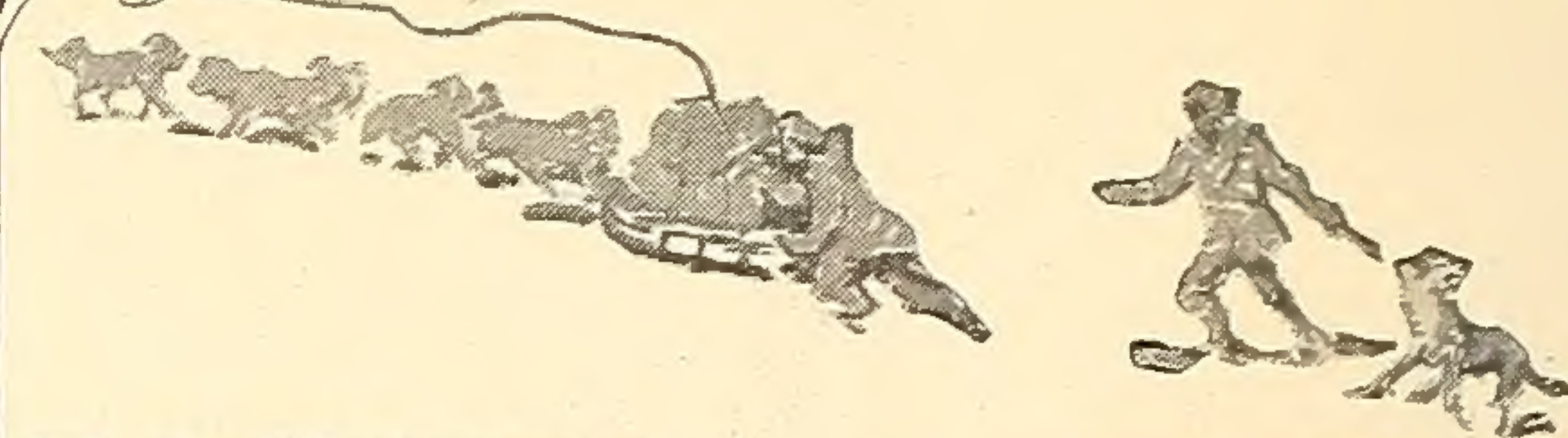
New  
FOX PICTURES

# The FIRST YEAR



PRODUCED by John Golden, for two solid years this play by Frank Craven occupied the stage of one theatre in New York. Frances Marion has adapted it for the screen ~ perhaps the greatest comedy drama of young married life ever written! Frank Borzage directs the picture superbly.

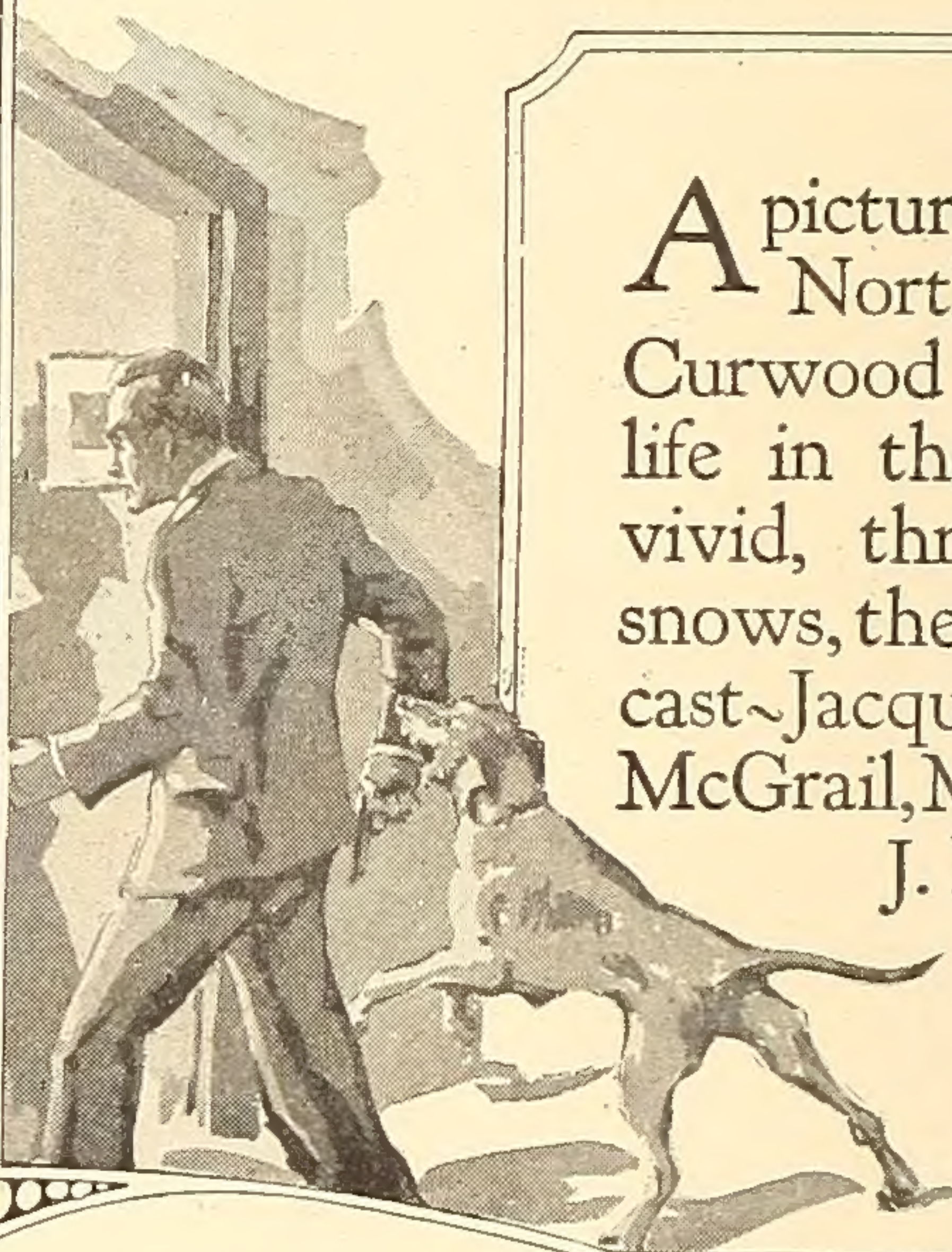
JOHN GOLDEN  
UNIT



# WHEN *the* DOOR OPENED



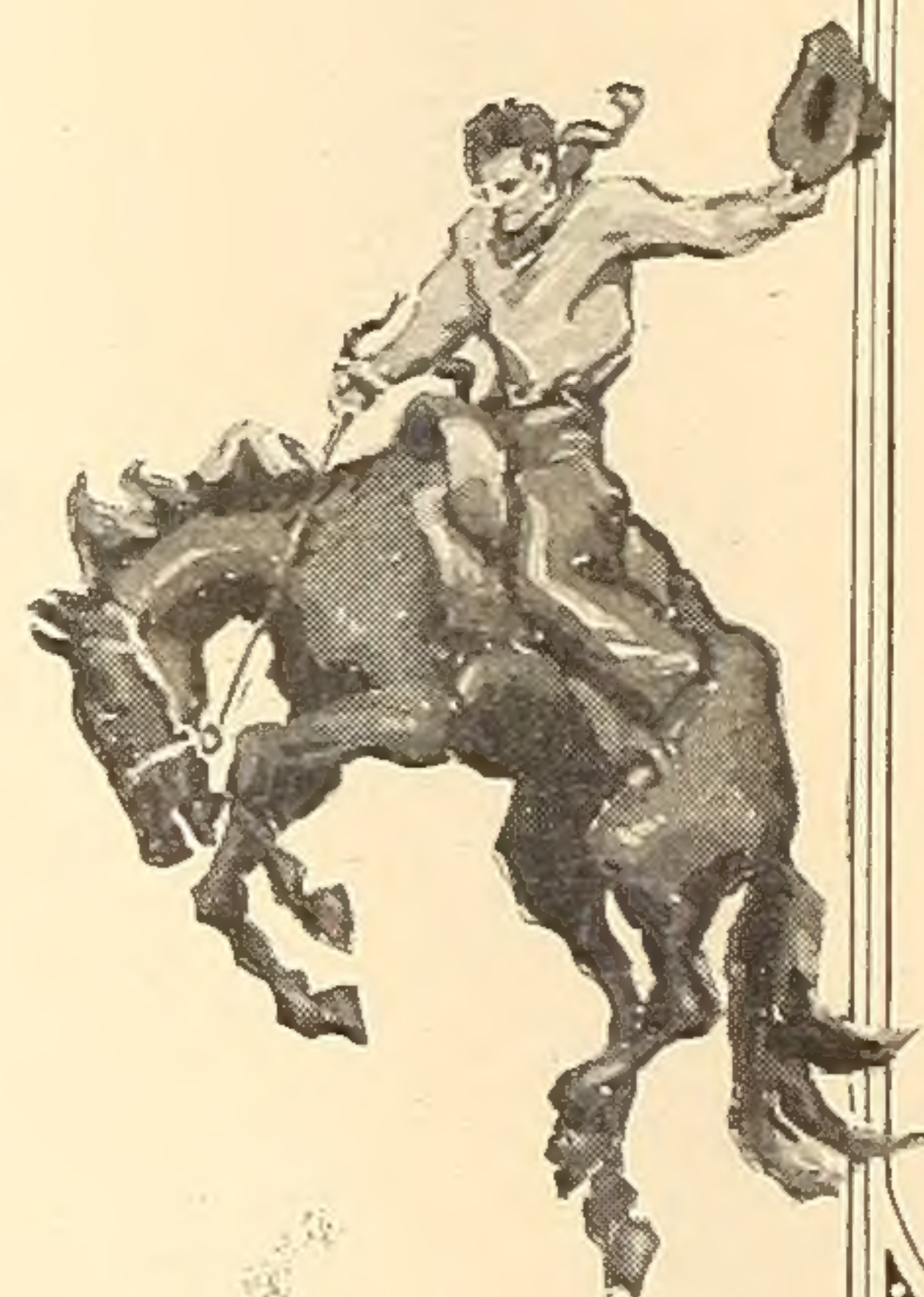
A picture of that Canadian Northwest James Oliver Curwood writes about. It is life in the far, wide places, vivid, throbbing ~ the deep snows, the tall pines! A superb cast ~ Jacqueline Logan, Walter McGrail, Margaret Livingston, J. Farrell MacDonald, Robert Cain, Frank Keenan; directed by Reginald Barker.



## *Hosts hail him with delight!* BUCK JONES *Ace of the great outdoors ~*



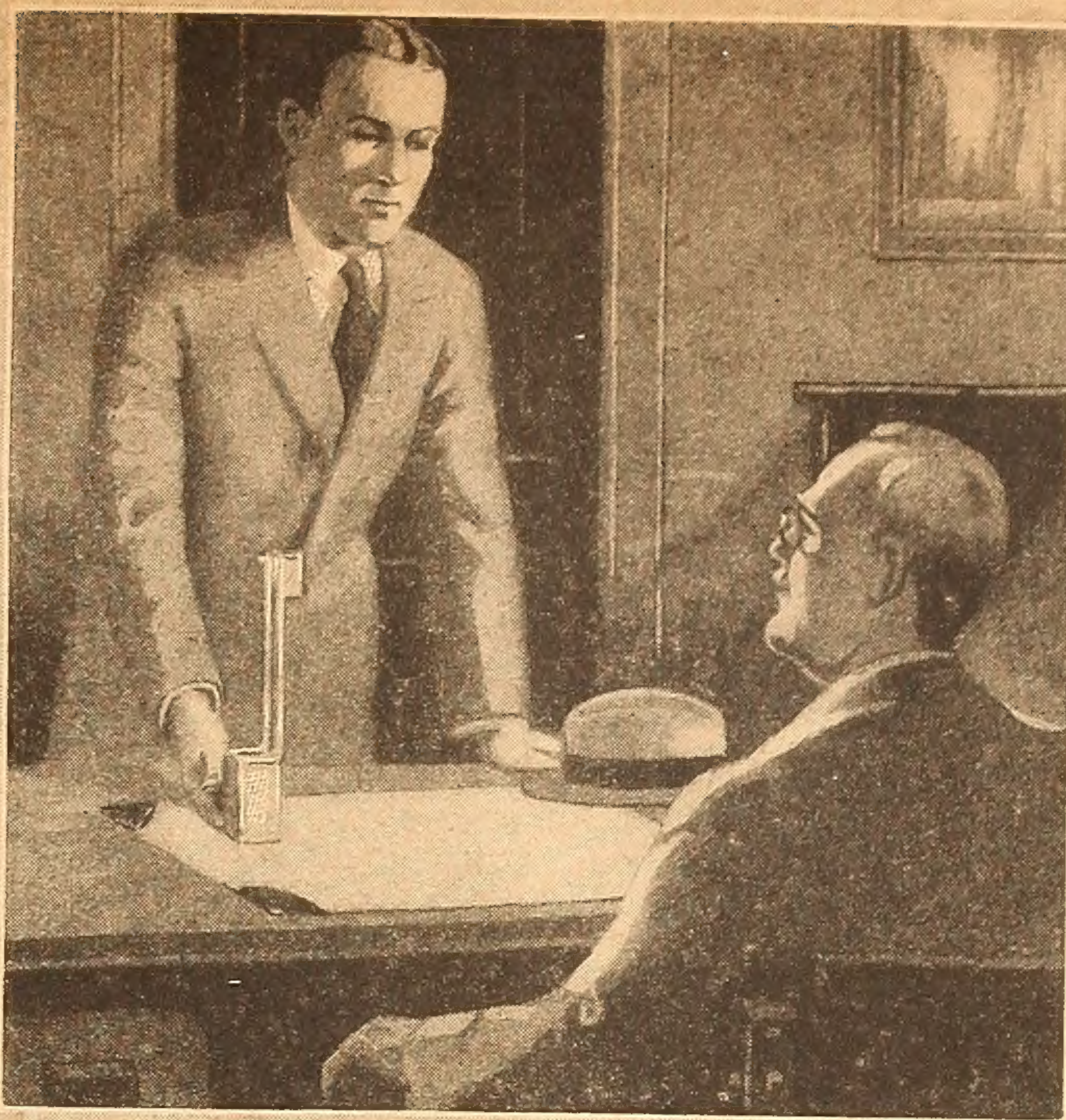
HERE is the true type of hardy American manhood as seen in his many romantic pictures of adventures in the open country. From the pens of the best writers, these are unvaryingly clean, invigorating, wholesome entertainments ~ to be had in the best family theatres. He will next be seen in "The Timber Wolf," a story by Jackson Gregory, and "Durand of the Bad Lands" by Maibelle Heikes Justice.



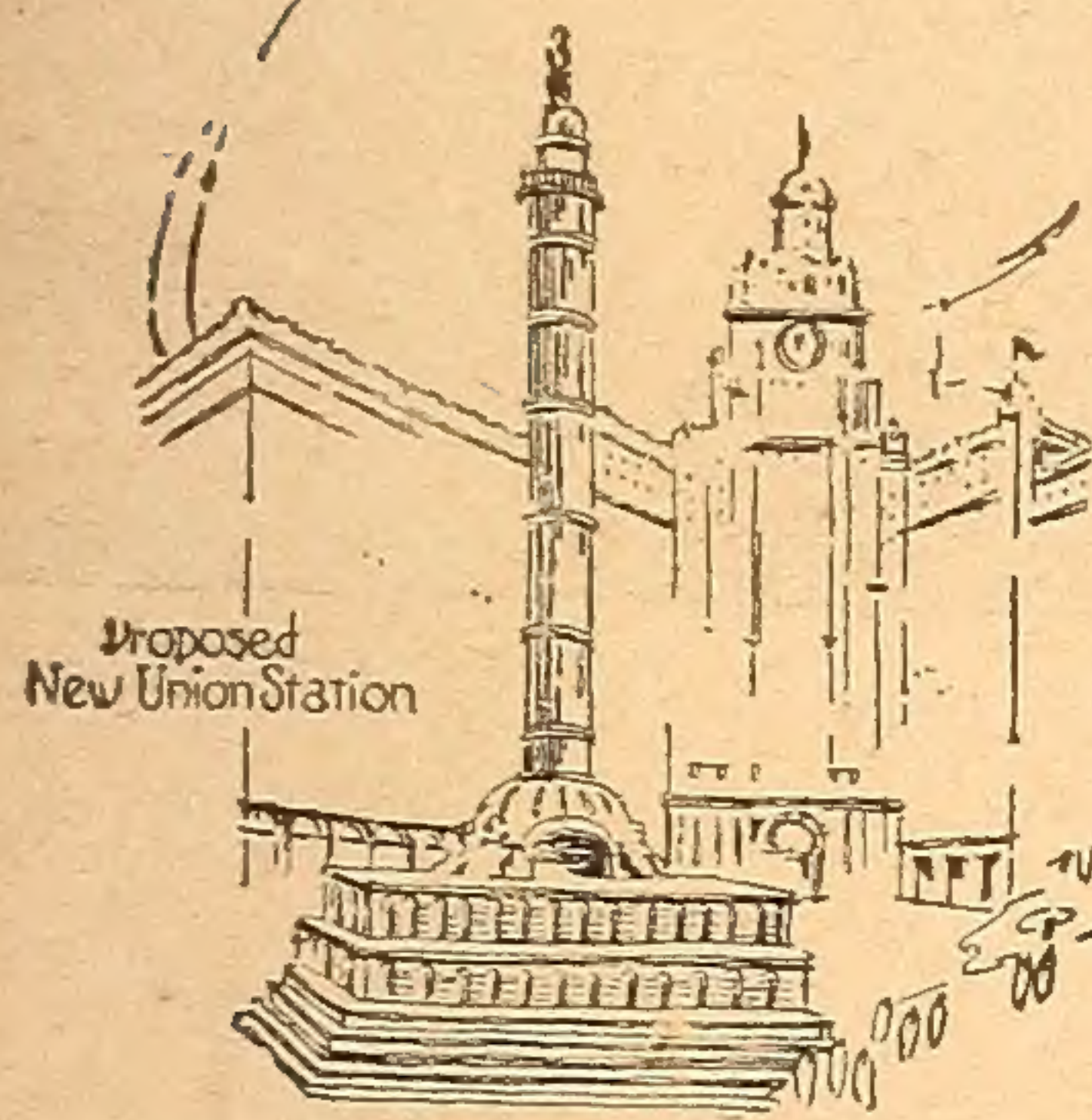
Fox Film Corporation.



A SALESMAN when he faced the buyer; a sales manager when he returned to the home office with the biggest order his firm had ever received, this man owes LaSalle credit for both order and promotion, yet he had been enrolled for LaSalle training only a month.



Cleveland



### The Most Profitable Investment Ever Made

(—so writes O. M. Abel, the employee.)

The practical ideas which I got from the first assignment of your course in Modern Salesmanship enabled me to land the biggest order our company has ever received. Naturally I am enthusiastic—not merely because of initial advancement, but because of the way in which your training has opened up to me a new world of opportunity. It's by far the most profitable investment ever made or ever expect to make."

(Signed) O. M. ABEL, Cleveland, Ohio.

### Your Training is 100% Practical

(—so writes D. W. Reinohl, the employer.)

What you have accomplished for Mr. Abel, in very few weeks, has been a revelation, and the only explanation is that, unlike other courses which I have examined, your training is 100 per cent practical. I can only wish that I had this same opportunity for training earlier in my career—it would have added thousands of dollars to my income. In giving its value so forcefully to my attention, you have performed for this company a real service. I appreciate it."

(Signed) D. W. REINOHLE, Cleveland, Ohio.

# Could You Have Made This Sale?

*It won O. M. Abel big advancement, and he credits it to LaSalle training*

O. M. Abel was a salesman for the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, Cleveland, Ohio. He was selling an excellent product—a unique device for sharpening the discs of harrows while in operation.

Mr. Abel possessed both ability and ambition; his immediate problem, therefore, as he saw it, was to *plus* his ability with scientific salesmanship.

*He did not dream, however, that the first reward of LaSalle training would come to him so soon!*

One month after he had enrolled with LaSalle, he was sent to Chicago. A big order was at stake. The prospect was one of the largest mail order houses in the world.

He made the sale. *And how?*

Simply because the training he had got from his very first assignment enabled him to recognize the type of sales presentation he should make.

*Eight others he might have chosen.*

O. M. Abel picked the winner!

"Because of the gratifying increase in business Mr. Abel has brought about," writes D. W. Reinohl, president of the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, "we have made him sales manager of our company. And—after 25 years in the selling field, I may add

that I, too, have enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. Already I have found it an amazing source of sales-building ideas and methods. No president, general manager, sales manager, or salesman in the field should be without it."

### Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

Not alone in selling is LaSalle training a tremendous help, but in management, accounting, law—indeed, in every important field of business. The *salary-doubling plan* evolved and perfected by LaSalle has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members; has strengthened the organizations in which those men were factors beyond all estimation. Within only six months' time, for example, as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507—an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

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Chicago

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☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

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☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ **Industrial Management:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

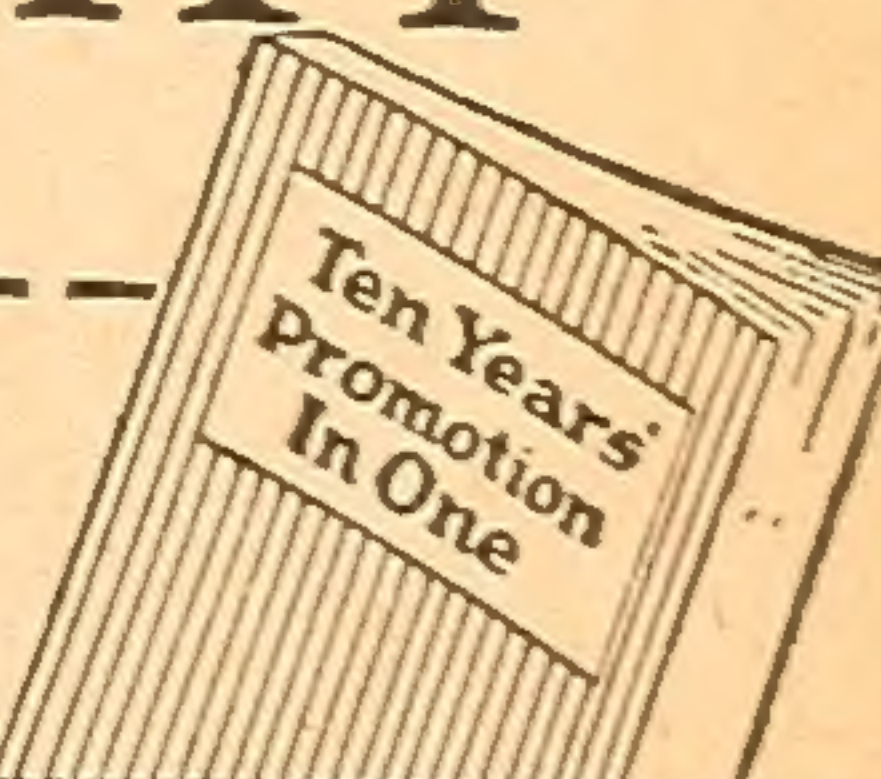
☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.



Present Position.....

Address.....



Screenland is published  
on the 10th of the  
month preceding date  
of issue.



☞ The trouble with Ben Lyon is that John Barrymore is going to play  
"Don Juan" opposite Mary Astor, the girl on the cover.

# SCREENLAND

October, 1925

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XI, No.

Eliot Keen, Editor

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# Use These New Secrets of Powerful Speech To Win Popularity, Money, Success!

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College education or previous training is not needed. Right in your own home, in 15 minutes a day, you can learn these secrets of powerful speech, as they are given to you by a man known throughout the world for his successful experience in teaching public speaking. The knowledge that he gives you is more than training in speech. These little secrets are principles that have been applied by men of prominence in gaining the things that every ambitious man or woman is striving for. They are the things that cause one man to rise from an obscure position to the head of a great corporation; another, from the rank and file political worker to real prominence; and ordinary trades union member to the national leadership of great labor unions; a timid and retiring man to develop into a popular and much applauded after-dinner and banquet speaker. They are secrets

that will make you the ready speaker and conversationalist under all social or business conditions.

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How to tell entertaining stories.  
How to make after-dinner speeches.  
How to converse interestingly.  
How to write letters.  
How to sell more goods.  
How to train your memory.  
How to enlarge your vocabulary.  
How to develop self-confidence.  
How to acquire a winning personality.  
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition.  
How to become a clear, accurate thinker.  
How to develop your power of concentration.  
How to be the master of any situation.

### Free Test To Prove You Have This Hidden Knack

An amazing book has been written which enables you to decide for yourself whether you have this "hidden knack"—whether you possess the qualifications that will make a leader in business—an effective public speaker—and how these little secrets can be used to bring out your latent ability. This book is primarily intended not only for those who have realized the importance of being able to talk effectively, such as lawyers, and other professional people, but those who have felt

the handicap of bashfulness, self consciousness and ineffective speech. Men who have millions have sent for this book. It may prove to be the most important step in your life when you send for it.

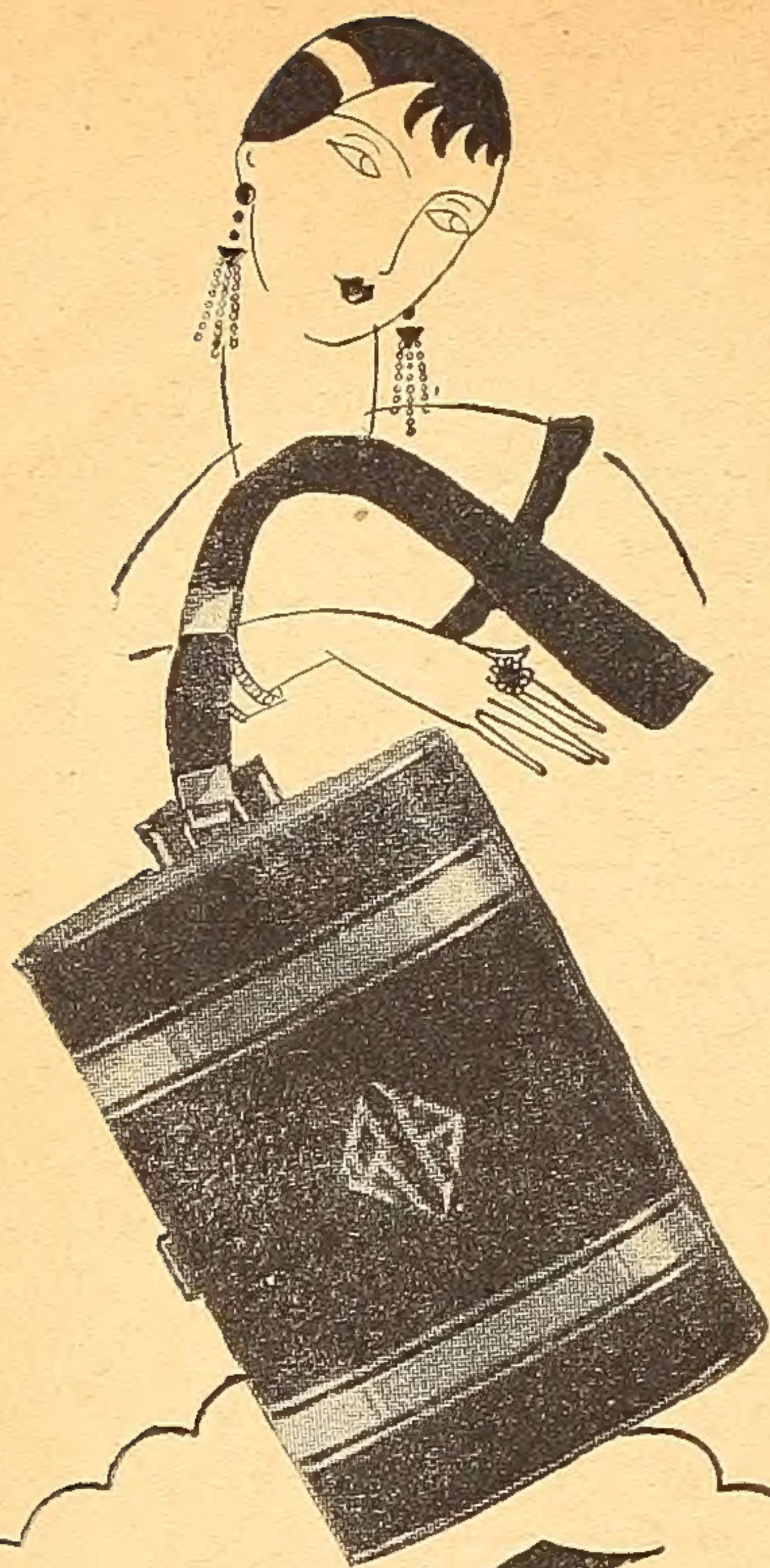
### Mail Coupon for Free Book

Mail the coupon immediately. Find out for yourself the secrets that have helped timid, backward men into successful positions. Find out if you are one of the seven men out of every nine who have this "hidden knack," and learn how you can use this talent to gain the things you want. It gives you many hints on how to overcome stage fright, How to speak before Club or Lodge, How to Sell, How to Act as a Toastmaster, How to persuade—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. Mail the coupon immediately.

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Address.....	
City.....	State.....





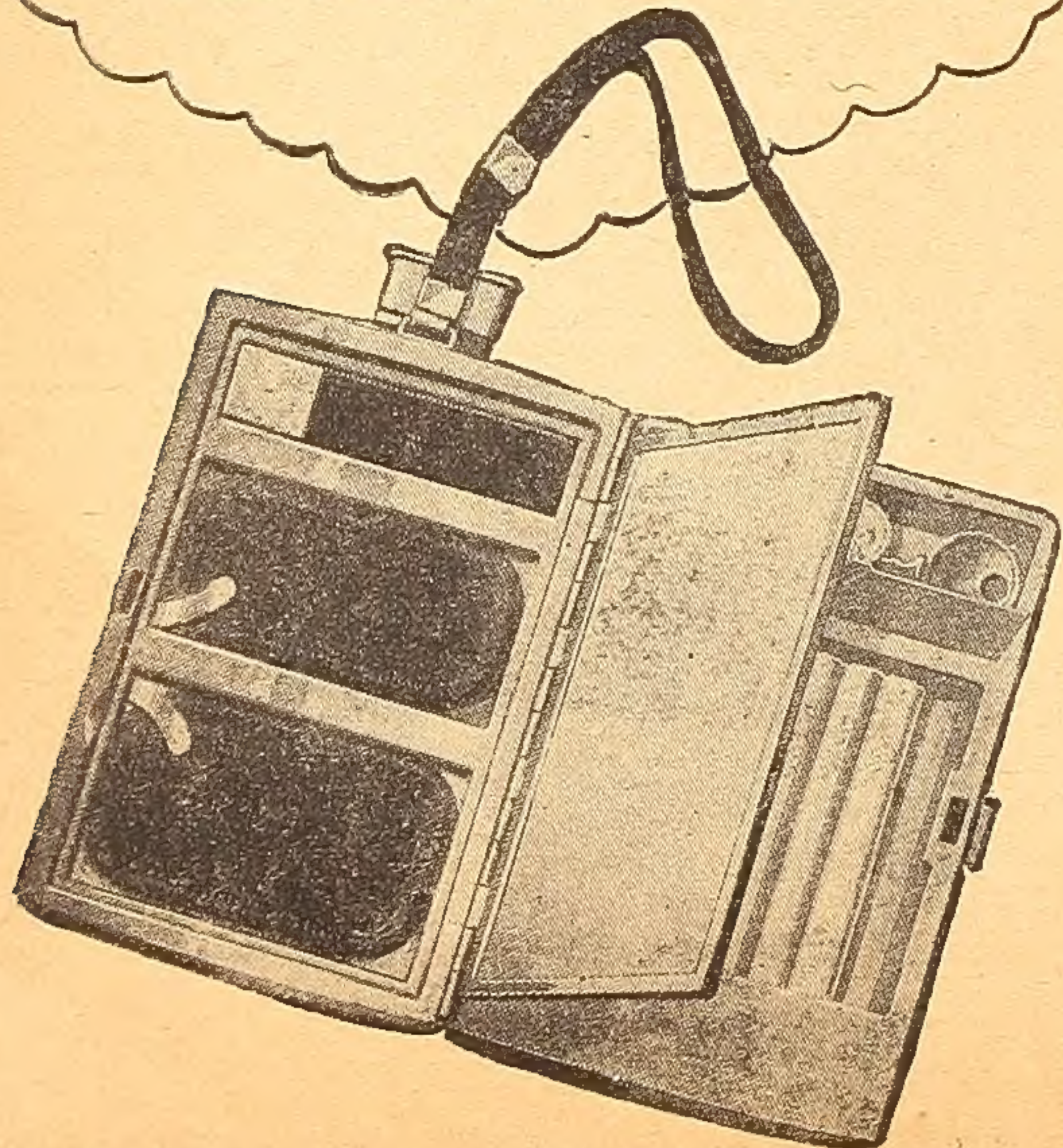
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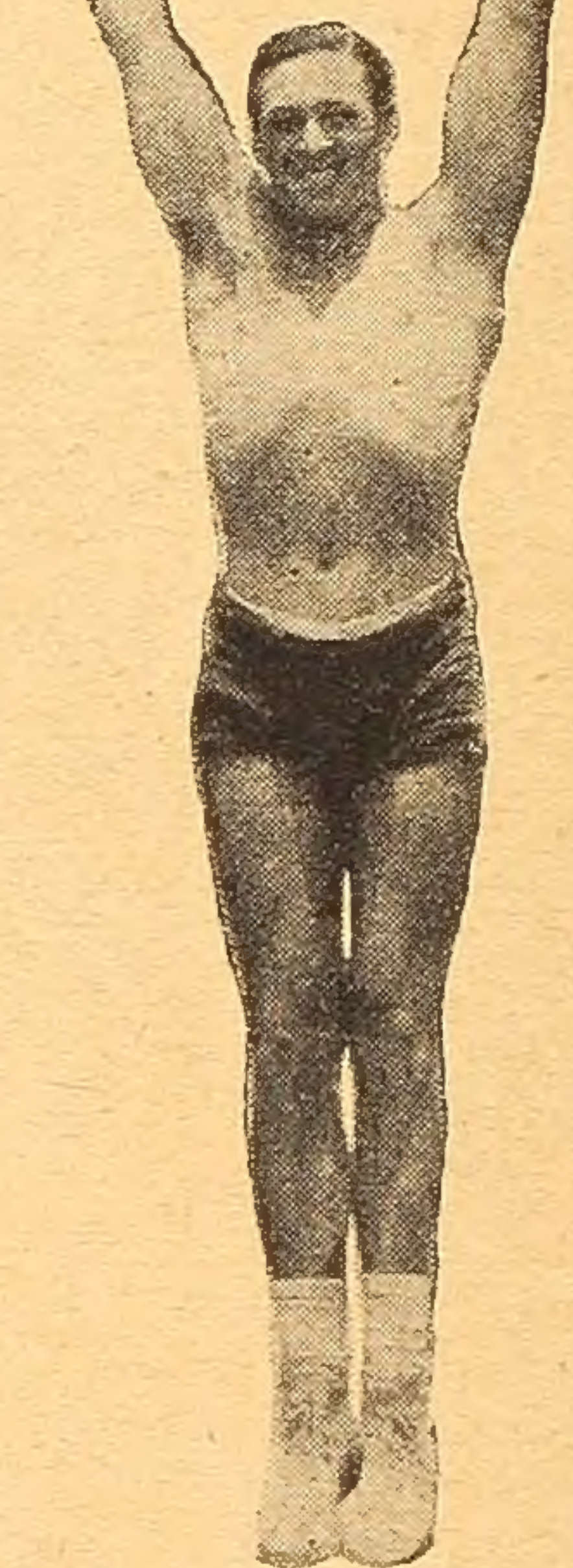
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# Ask Me



George O'Brien  
 with two rings  
 but still single.

An Answer  
 Page of  
 Information.

Address:  
 MISS VEE DEE  
 SCREENLAND,  
 236 W. 55 St.  
 New York  
 City.

A. Ambrose (Ill.). Have a heart! One hundred and nine questions all at once! Here are a few of the addresses you want; rest later on—Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Ricardo Cortez, Thomas Meighan, all at Famous Players Studios, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y. Tom Mix, Alma Rubens, Buck Jones, and Shirley Mason are with Fox Films, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Reginald Denny, Pauline Garon, Marion Nixon, Louise Lorraine and Jack Hoxie are at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Billie Dove, Gloria Swanson, Lillian Rich, Betty Compson, Edward Everett Horton, and Greta Nissen are with Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood. Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Colleen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Viola Dana, care First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood. Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien, and Rudolph Valentino have mail sent to same address.

Mary Pickford and Jack, and Douglas Fairbanks all have theirs sent to Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Dorothy Mackaill, Doris Kenyon, Mary Astor, Anna Q. Nilsson, and John Bowers have mail addressed to First National Studios, 807 East 175th Street, New York. Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston are at the Hal Roach Studio, Culver City. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds and Edmund Burns are with Cecil de Mille at Culver City, Cal. Alberta Vaughn, George O'Hara and Richard Talmadge at F. B. O. Studios, 780 N. Gower Street, Hollywood. Irene Rich, Huntley Gordon, Clive Brook, Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller can be found working at Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. And that's all for to-day, thank you.

Eleanor Mlappa. Ben Lyon was born on February 6, 1901. Mae Murray was born May 9, 1886—hard to believe, isn't it? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is seventeen. Address Ramon Novarro care Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Twenty-five cents are usually sent to cover postage on photographs.

Fred Thomson Admirer. So you're twenty-one and married, eh! I'd hardly call you a flapper—girls stop flapping around eighteen, they tell me. My curiosity is aroused—what do all the initials stand for? Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, the writer; and the stalwart Fred is 30.

W. von S. (Detroit). I forwarded your letter to Carlotta Monterey although this department is to answer questions, not to forward them.

Clifford W. (Wallingford). You can reach Victor McLaglen at the First National Studio, 807 East 175th Street, N. Y. His next picture will be *Wine of Chance* featuring Anna O. Nilsson and Ben Lyon. Direct reply is sent when stamped envelope is enclosed.

2200 Pleasants Street, Richmond. You forgot to sign your letter. I still stick to my gun and say I wouldn't give a hoot for the man, woman or child who doesn't care for animals and especially dogs. A dog is the best friend a fellow can have; I never wish for a better anyway. Yes, mss. should be typed and I doubt if any one will wade through an untyped one these days. Norman Ker-

is with Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. There's Peter the Great, who now working among the great at the United Artists Studios, Hollywood. His trainer Edward Faust. Peter has the distinction of being able to tear the clothes from a man without injuring him. He first broke in movies as Strongheart's double—even to canines have doubles, you see, and Wolf who is said to be half-wolf, starred in *Baree, Son of Karzan* for Vitagraph. Do you know that Rin-Tin-Tin and his sister Nannette were found by soldiers in a bombed and deserted village near Paris. Lieut. Lee Duncan owns them now.

Viola Anderson. The Racquel Melton production was made abroad and I have a list of the cast. Do you mean Paris, France, or Paris, Ill.? *His Hour* has been shown in New York.

E. K. B. (Toledo). Just address Ted Guinan at the Guinan Club, 117 West 48th Street, New York, and that will find him. Born in Texas 1891.

R. P. F. (Palo Alto). David Powell died suddenly about four months ago.

Cora E. A. (Clarksville). If you can SCREENLAND for June and July you'll see Jack Holt and Tom Mix posed for photos at the top of the ASK ME page.

Della Foscond Hurojosa. Write Colleen Moore and Lloyd Hughes at First National United Studios, Hollywood, and they probably oblige with photos. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Grey, also a movie player.



**June Marlow Admirer (Minn.).** The only rumor anent Betty Bronson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is that they are very good friends. They're just kids, too young to think about marriage yet, you know. Write June Marlowe care of Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood. Glad you think I'm a good scout. But talking of scouts, look what the next customer asked me to find!

**L. Coffey (Greenboro).** You want photographs of one hundred and twenty-two players! Sweet Poppa! You'll have to write to the stars themselves—and enclosing a quarter apiece, they'll cost you thirty dollars!

**D. A. W. (New York).** Elinor Glyn's next picture will be entitled *Four Flaming Days*. The trouble with Elinor is that she does tie us girls to time!

**Lillian Weinstein.** Can you dance, swim, ride, drive a car and a few little things like that? These are some of the questions you'll have to answer when you go to the studios, Lil!

**M. I. (Montreal).** Larry Grey is with Famous Players-Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood. Buster Collier is at same address. Bert Lytell, Universal Studios, Culver City; and for other addresses see answer to A. Ambrose.

**R. F. K.** I'm to tell the editor to publish another picture of Richard Barthelmess. All right; consider it said. Dick's most recent pictures have been *New Toys*, *Soul Fire*, *Shore Leave* and he is now at work on *The Beautiful City* with Dorothy Gish. Address him at Inspiration Pictures, 65 Fifth Ave., New York.

**Lucy Woodruff.** Frank Mayo's address is 610 Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

**Mary Drene.** Anne Cornwall was born in Brooklyn in 1897; Esther Ralston is twenty-six; Claire Adams in her early twenties; Dorothy Dwan is 23. Ann May was born in Ohio in 1901. Ruth Dwyer was born in Brooklyn. Madeline Hurlock is 1. Margaret Landis 29.

**Virginia L. R.** Virginia Pearson was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1888, so you are living in her home town. In private life she is Mrs. Sheldon Lewis, wife of the well-known actor. Educated in Louisville and commenced stage career in stock. She is five feet eight, weighs 145, and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Miss Pearson will shortly be seen in *What Price Beauty*, directed by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino.

**Saul Brettman, N. Y. C.** No, Saul, not even to you will I send a photo of myself. It just can't be done!

**Marie Watson, Annette Sheehy, and Ida Sterling.** Three letters all in the same handwriting—how come! John T. Murray seems to be one of those strong silent men; try as I will, the only information is that he is fat, funny, a character man about forty, and that he wears a check suit and polka-dot tie, and you can address him at First National, United Studios, Hollywood, where he appeared in *Winds of Chance*. And I'm not a man; I'm a goil!

**Anna Reali.** After I came out of the mint, Anna, I groped for my trusty typewriter and herewith beg to state that it's more than I can do, give you all the names and addresses of all the actors and actresses. Just read this column every month and make up your list from that.

(Continued on page 84)

### A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE Can Easily Be Yours



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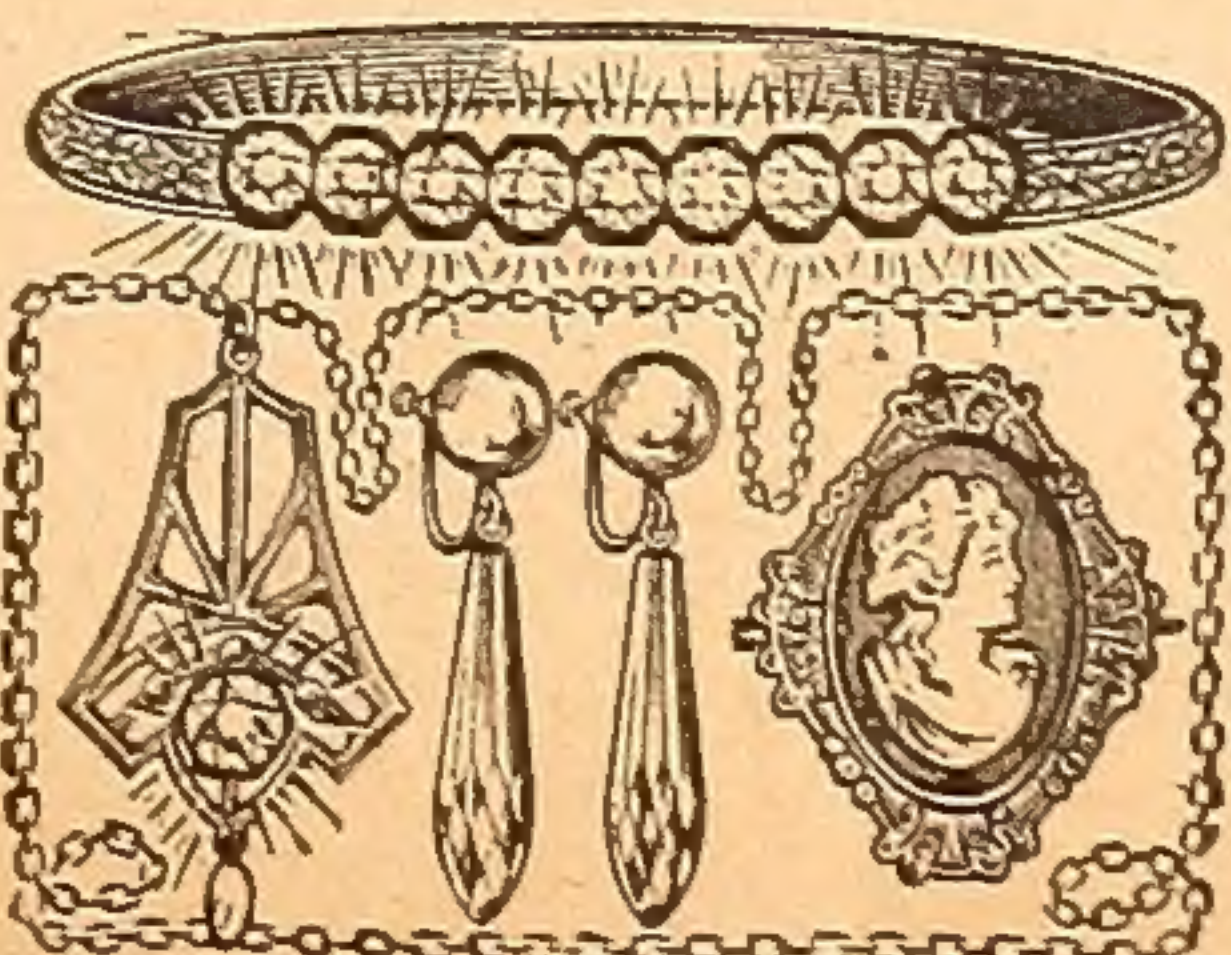
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A Metro extra in one of her native folk dances.

# Off the Lot

**M**UCH excitement around Famous Players' studio these days. For the first time in the history of the eastern film factory of Paramount, there will be a regular production rush, with no less than nine—count 'em—companies working at the same time. Among them will be the Griffith unit, making *That Royle Girl* with Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, and James Kirkwood; Gloria Swanson and Larry Gray in *Stage-Struck*; Herbert Brenon's—and Barrie's—*A Kiss for Cinderella*, with Tom Moore the kisser and Betty Bronson the kissees; Adolphe Menjou working under Monta Bell's direction in *The Grand Duke*; Dick Dix and Esther Ralston in a new thriller, and—whew—we're out of breath!

\* \* \*

**C**AROL DEMPSTER has blossomed into one of the most popular girls around the studio. She is a vivid, magnetic little thing, with a quick intelligence and ready sympathy; and everybody, if we can believe all we hear, simply swears by her, and not at her, as is sometimes the custom. We watched her working in a scene with Mr. Fields—the Follies comedian who has just about decided to desert the stage for pictures, having had luscious offers for his funny services since *Sally*. Carol romped through her scene, dashed off the set to chat a minute with Mrs. W. C. Fields, who was watching from the side-lines, paused again to place a glass of ice-water on Mr. Griffith's chair-arm (he thought it was the assistant director who did it and never even turned around) and then ran back ready to go through another scene.

Once she was needed on the set and was nowhere to be found. Finally, after looking all around and sending to her dressing-room, the scouts saw her standing on tiptoe on a table so she could peek in at the Paramount School set, where the group of youngsters were being coached in the gentle art of screen pantomime. The girls and boys were dressed a-la 1830, having progressed through the various periods of history to that date. Carol Dempster couldn't go inside—studio etiquette, and all that sort of thing; but she could peek through the figurative hole in the fence, regardless of the fact that real, grown-up stars don't behave that way. Maybe it explains her popularity!

\* \* \*

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT has signed a contract with Oscar Price to make a series of pictures in the east. One of the first will

be *Peggy*—the vehicle which introduced Bette Davis to the screen years ago. Constance will have a chance to dress up in boy clothes in it and she says it appeals to her after her long experience as a model for the newest gowns.

Somebody told us that Constance was a great little girl except that she does require a dozen phone calls to wake her in the mornings. She combines the careers of screen star and Fifth Avenue debutante.

\* \* \*

**W**ELL, Charlie came to New York and then had to go and get a bad cold. It interfered with many plans for his entertainment, not the least of these being a big party which Conde Nast announced in his honor. Mr. Nast's parties are famous and always include among their guests the elite of theatrical Manhattan. It was at Nast's home that Frances Howard met Sir John Galsworthy. Always the newest artistic sensation is present.

But there is one star that the distinguished publisher of *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* has not been able to persuade to appear, and that's Betty Bronson. When Betty received—so the story goes—the telegram from Nast which invited her to a party and requested a prompt reply, she simply said, "But I've never met Mr. Nast" and declined. This Betty is a delicious little creature, by the way. She is not always understood; her quaint personality and shy speech strike the hard-boiled as incredible. But we bet on Betty Bronson. She is still just a kid who has not learned a pose and it is pretty generally concluded that a pose is a darn good thing for a movie star to have. Betty is just herself. She has a cunning little lisp, half stammer, which she is apparently trying her best to overcome but if she only knew it, it adds to her charm.

As the little Cinderella in Sir John Barrie's classic, she is a picture, whether in her rags or the gorgeous raiment to which she is transformed by Esther Ralston, as the fairy godmother. Against the drab background of a slum set, the beauty of the two girls, in their fairy-like costumes, glowed like gems. Betty, with a gleaming crown, and gown of silver and swansdown and the lovely Miss Ralston with her shining gold hair and flowing robes, were assisted by the white mice and the pumpkins which are later transformed into a coach and four. The coach is a dream of loveliness, all jewels and waving plumes; and the milk-white horses the most spirited



napely that Director Brenon could find. Whenever he wanted his leading man and couldn't find him, he could look around for the horses and there, rubbing the nose of the littlest one, would be Tom Moore. Tom, despite his Oriental valet, is not much of an actor off the set. He has never been interviewed in his life and doesn't want to be. He was giving Miss Bronson a few tips on make-up out of his long experience. "Just rouge your lower lip, Betty," advised Tom. "You don't need much anyway, with that smooth skin of yours." Whenever you want to see a man who defies all the rules of actordom, meet Mr. Moore.

Betty Bronson's mother guards her child in the proverbial movie-mamma fashion, but once in a while Betty eludes her—conversationally speaking. The little *Peter Pan* is remarking that she wasn't so very interesting, and she believed she'd have to start scandal! You should have seen Mrs. Bronson's face! The screen find of the year, by the way, said to earn only \$150 a week. Her leading man probably makes at least ten times that amount. Of course, it has to be taken into consideration that Paramount found her, advertised her, and made her a star. On the other hand, she has more than lived up to expectations. Famous players should remember what happened to Mr. Valentino.

\* \* \*

ONE of the First Ladies of the stage and screen, Pauline Frederick, is now "cleaning up" Australia. With a repertoire including *The Lady* and *Spring Cleaning*, Polly is endearing herself to a public on the other side of the world. They knew and loved her from her pictures, so this is like meeting an old friend.

\* \* \*

DICK BARTHELMESS is not exactly jealous of the popularity of the Prince of Wales in the news-reels, but he does believe that Edward offers screen possibilities. To prove it, he is going to essay the character himself. That is, a sort of fanciful Wales, in a romantic drama called *Just Suppose*, concerning the fictitious adventures of the Prince in this country.

Mary Hay has returned from London with her dancing partner, Clifton Webb. They are soon to be seen in a new musical comedy called *Sunny*, which will star Mari Miller (Mrs. Jack Pickford.) Mary emphatically denies a contemplated divorce and remarriage with Mr. Webb. The other night in the Algonquin, Mary was lunching with her professional partner while her domestic partner was eating with Wally McDonald across the room. Dick's house in Rye is shared with him by his pal, Bill Wells, the "villain" in the Barthelmess plays.

\* \* \*

WALLACE MACDONALD came east for a picture with Constance Bennett. He should be an authority on flappers, having played with two of the best-known sub-debs of the screen—Constance and Clara Bow. Mrs. MacDonald stayed in Hollywood to look after the house. "Used to be Doris May, you know—the heroine of the Douglas MacLean comedies. When reproached with keeping her in the screen, Wally replies that she is perfectly satisfied to let him grab the acting jobs for the family. They tried it out with both of them working, but after a few experiences they gave it up. The MacDonalds determined to be together, and now one was on location, the other usually

went along. Once, Wally says, he slept all night in a closed car "watching" his wife "shooting" night scenes. Now they're both happy.

\* \* \*

WHITMAN BENNETT has a new studio in Glendale, Long Island, and celebrated it with a "premier" party. Nita Naldi was the sensation of the evening in a black back-less gown, black fan, black, black hair severely and classically coiffed, and no stockings. Nita can't be bothered with 'em.

Mr. Bennett is a producer and director of motion pictures and sometimes he turns his hand to writing. But he is really most interested in a little factory inside his studio—a complete book-binding plant, where he encases classics and rare editions in the choicest of fine leathers. He is prouder of his books than of his pictures, if his enthusiasm for the editions is any criterion. He is a brilliant and scholarly man and seems to regard the films strictly as a business. His books are an art. He supervises his workers in every detail, and only opens his fine library to a privileged few. Some one should ask Mr. Bennett why he doesn't inject some of this art into his photoplays.

\* \* \*

STUDIO parties are all the rage. If there is the slightest excuse in the way of an expensive set, or a new star, or a third-assistant-director, they "throw" a party, and all hands stop work. It's a good idea, because the eastern studios are so scattered that the community spirit used to be entirely lacking. Now, they're all just like one big happy family—well, just about.

\* \* \*

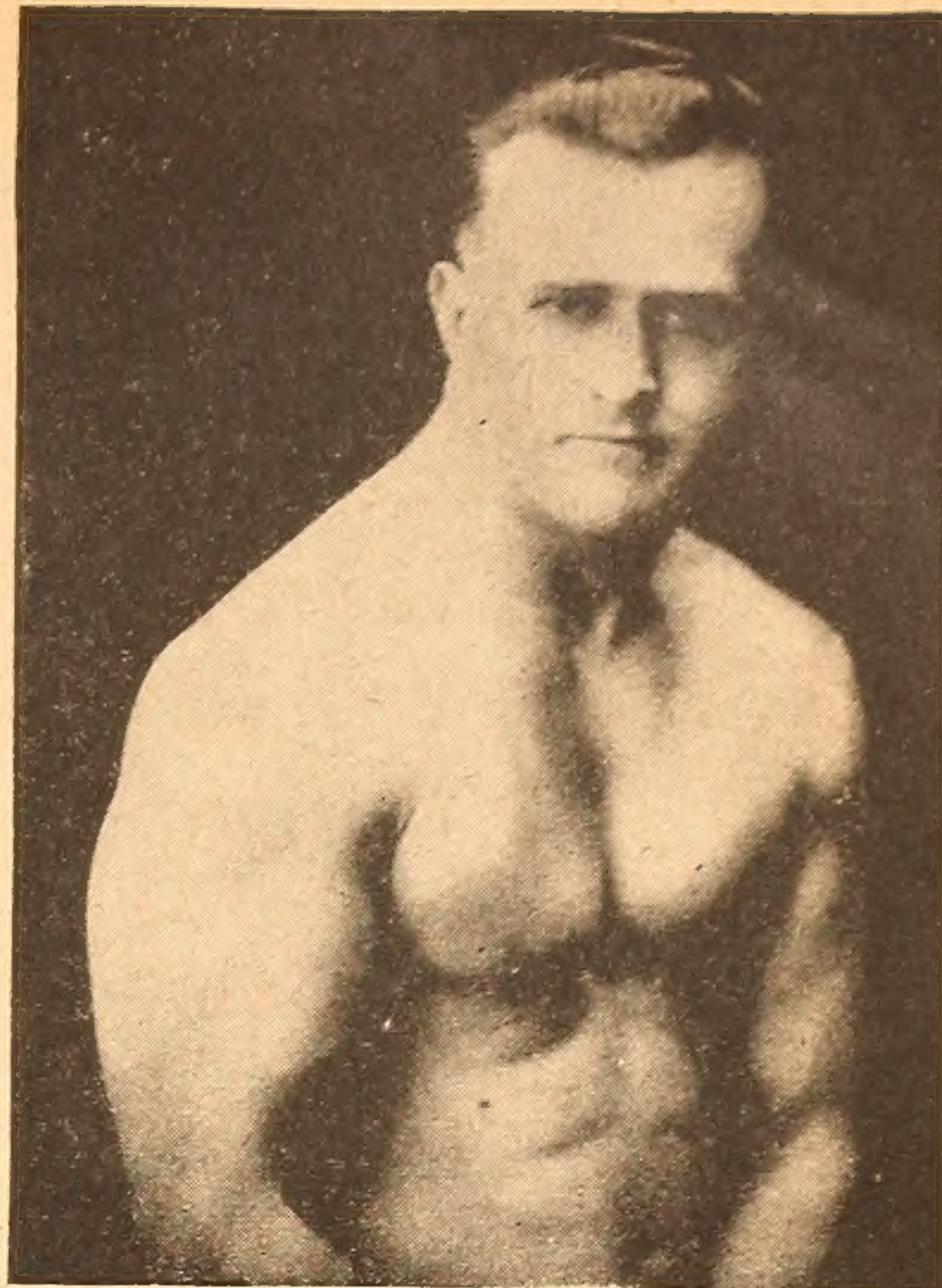
THE rumor spread about that Gloria the Marquise was getting "high-hat." It all started when Gloria and Henry arrived from the coast and were met by the usual newspaper reporters and cameramen. One of the former asked the Marquis to pose with a suitcase in his hand—to get over the idea they had just stepped from the train. Henry seemed willing, but Gloria said: "How absurd! We never carry our own luggage."

Soon after, a New York daily printed an editorial reminding Miss Swanson she used to be a bathing girl. And soon after that, invitations were issued to meet Miss Swanson at tea at the Ritz. Gloria regained some of her lost popularity at this gathering of the press. She had just washed her hair and appeared with a scarf around her head—so informal; and even told the newspaper girls how she shampooed her famous tresses. Her husband wants her to let her hair grow again, and apparently she is willing.

\* \* \*

B. P. SCHULBERG—the man who "discovered" Clara Bow and Alyce Mills—has done another Columbus. He has signed Riza Royce to a long-term contract and sent her to the coast to begin her engagement by being one of *Lew Tyler's Wives*. Riza "got the job" because she persevered and finally convinced Mr. Schulberg, by repeated persuasion, that she would be an asset to his pictures. She has done extra work and was double for Carol Dempster in *America*. She resembles Miss Dempster in coloring and general facial contour, but has a dash and a charm quite her own.

She was a success on the stage from the start, but she left a Broadway cast because the screen called her. She vows she'll make good.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN  
The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building,"  
"Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength,"  
"Here's Health," etc.

## After Death—What?

That's the mystery. But don't get excited. You don't need to worry if you play the game square. You were given a good body to care for on earth. You were told to spread happiness, but *keep your body clean*.

Are you doing it? You are not. You've gone in for every possible kind of self-indulgence. You never stop to consider the consequences. Are you playing the game square? You're cheating both your Maker and yourself.

## How to Live

Cut it out, men! Why not be square shooters? Don't you realize what it means to you? Do you know you will really enjoy life better and live longer? Sure, you have to give up some things, but think what you get in return. I would give up a dime to get a dollar any day. The difficulty is, you are so chock full of germs and decayed tissue by now, it would take you years to even get back to normal.

But listen, fellows. There's a short cut. I found it. I've been showing others how to take it for nearly 15 years. And not only do I chase those disease bugs out of you—and clean all that rotted tissue out of your body, but I put good solid tissue—live, animated tissue in its place. I build out your shoulders—I deepen your chest—I strengthen your back—I give you arms and legs like pillars. I teach you how to breathe so that your lung capacity is doubled. Every time you take a breath, you draw rich pure oxygen down into every last minute cell of your lungs. This loads your blood with red corpuscles which fly around your body in jig time, clearing the cobwebs out of your brain, toning up your liver, your kidneys and the muscles of the very organs themselves. In less than no time you'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old spine. You'll feel like fighting a wild cat. You will have the flash to your eye and the snap to your step that will make people stop and say: "There goes a real He-man; Boy! but he has pep."

Is it worth it, fellows? You can bet your Sunday socks it's worth it. And the best of it is—it's a sure bet that you'll get it. Remember, I don't just promise these things, I guarantee them. Can you beat that? Try and do it. Are you with me? Of course you are. Well, let's ride.

Send for My New Book

## Muscular Development

IT'S FREE

What do you think of that? I don't ask one cent. And it's the peppiest piece of reading you ever laid your eye on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelash till you've turned the last cover. And there are 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the finest art gallery of strong men ever assembled. And every last one of them is shouting my praises. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you had better roll over—you're dead.

Come on then. Take out the old pencil and sign your name and address to the coupon. Snap into it! Do it now. Tomorrow you may forget. Remember it's something for nothing and no strings attached—no obligation. GRAB IT!

## EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 5810 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 5810, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....





MAE MURRAY  
*plays the Widow*



JOHN GILBERT  
*plays the Prince*



ERICH VON STROHEIM'S *Production*

# THE MERRY WIDOW

*Revealing the spice of Viennese life and love,  
a subject at which he alone is master*

A SENSATIONAL production from the world-famous stage success. Ravishing Mae Murray and John Gilbert, the Screen's Great Lover, bring a new dash and magic to the gayety, the pathos, the tense, gripping drama of this superb masterpiece. And only a Von Stroheim could re-create, in so masterly a fashion, the swirl and glamor of Vienna's mad night life.

Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer made the adaptation and scenario from the famous dramatic operetta by Franz Lehar, Victor Leon and Leo Stein, as produced upon the stage by Henry W. Savage.

*"The Merry Widow" is a*

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer**  
*Picture*

*More  
stars  
than  
there  
are  
in  
Heaven*





# SCREENLAND

OCTOBER

1925



☞ Ford Sterling in "Trouble with Wives."

**W**E all like a man who has humor in his system, but not too deep in. Years ago the world discovered that the screen could invoke laughter. At that time the one sure-fire laugh was the Keystone cops. Ford Sterling in those days invented the tricks that have been used in comedy ever since.

**A**NATOLE FRANCE says that "A man's gayety is the measure of his genius." Ford Sterling has gaily carried his clowning rôle through the years, and, as in all good stories, his reward at last arrived. It was a big "straight" part of fine character drawing with limitless opportunities for subtleties—the bachelor in "Trouble With Wives"—and he basked in it, gloried in it, lived it, in as fine a piece of acting as SCREENLAND has seen. He changed the meaning of an entire scene by a scarcely twisted lip. He was alive, real; and he did as he liked with your feelings.

That's what you can do if you're an actor.

Ford Sterling is.



☞ Ford Sterling in "Mike."





## *William Cobill*

CASTING DIRECTOR

*M*OVIE patrons often exclaim at the perfection with which the actors fit into the characters of their parts. And the credit for this careful fitting goes to the casting director—the man who must resolutely say “No” to screen aspirants thousands of times every week. William Cobill, casting director of the Famous Players-Lasky Studio at Astoria, New York, gets as much pleasure out of giving a “likely” beginner a chance as a fisherman gets from a four-pound catch.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE SCREEN SERIES





Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Miss Starke's little whimsical smile and appealing beauty won her the leading part in "SUN-UP."

*Pauline Starke*







The most beautiful "still" of the month.  
A scene from  
**THE LIMITED MAIL**

Above them whispering branches entwine  
in graceful symbolism. The love  
scene as played by Monte Blue  
and Vera Reynolds.



# SCREENLAND'S EDITORIAL COMMENT

## *The Old Army Game*

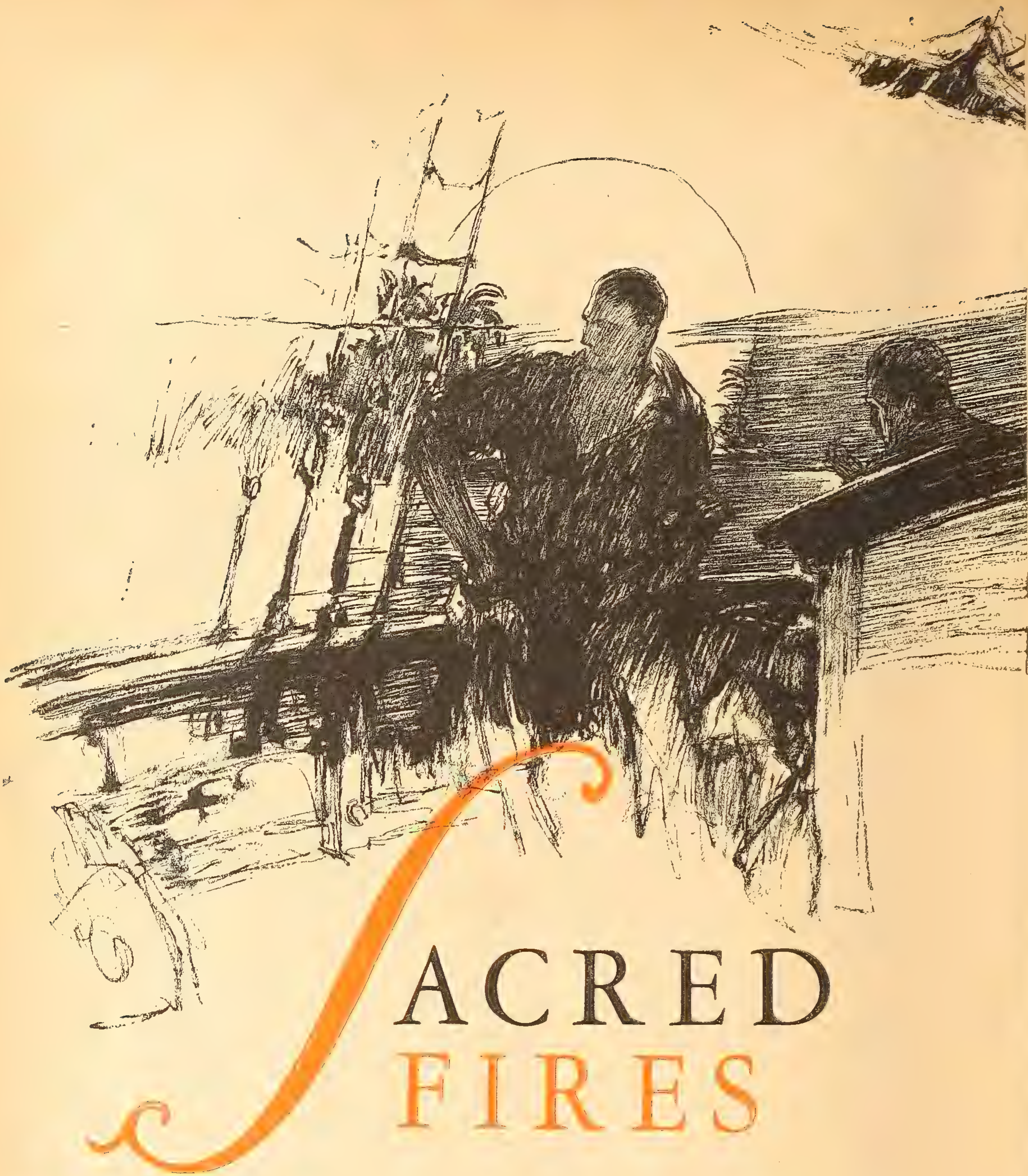
*D*AVID WARK GRIFFITH needs no words of ours to establish his greatness. He did not need "Sally of the Sawdust" to prove his skill, but it has served to bring the master's name once more to Broadway. It does more than this -- it sets it there a shining crown for other directors to bow to.

Griffith makes the movies fulfill their true service -- entertainment. His every film is touched with a quality of life that is the kind of living that is glowing and warm to the heart. W. C. Fields as a professor of side-show thimble-rigging lives for Mr. Griffith a jaunty pretence that cannot conceal his lovable unselfishness. You laugh at the old army game of shells and pea, but when this brave montebank sets out alone, his Sally restored to her home, the old army game of honor, of courage and of devotion to principle shines out before tear-dimmed eyes.

We salute you! Griffith, Master!







# SACRED FIRES

TROPICAL sun had sunk with gaudy pointers of red, orange and opal as though the legendary Woman Who Put Fire in the Skies also put disrespectful fingers to her nose and challenged the movies to star her. The world turned purple, a moon marauded up. Dogs around the huts bayed at it; but eventually the last mongrel fell silent, the last whimpering child was crooned to sleep, and the village slept. Except for a gull's abrupt wail, only the monotone of surf reached Tom Craig who lounged on the schooner's poop.

For the first time in two weeks he rested easily. Today he had shot Peggy Braiden's final scene at Motuiti, while

three or four days' sail away at Papeete the rest of the company waited.

Surveying his companion, Craig discovered no counterpart for Chief Maranui. A bronze-fellow, certainly. But tattooed? Bare-chested? Bare-limbed with a patterned tapa about his loins? Far from it; although obligingly Maranui had donned native dress yesterday for a scene or two with Peggy. Half-naked, too, he had ridden the surf while the cameras ground. Careening down a wave a

*An adventure of a movie*





“Peggy listened — well, possibly from her heart. “Blood is the blessing of our gods,” he was saying, “but two bloods are the fury of our devils.”

Illustrated by  
LORAN F. WILFORD

## By Gayne Dexter

half-mile out, he gleamed goldenly above the roaring pour of blue water and white foam. Craig never could forget how the proudest head he had ever seen was thrust up defiantly. With arms folded and slender legs balancing the board, Maranui swept from distance for the lens to picture a splendid savage majestically untamed.

The cameras lied. Maranui a savage? Lounging beside Craig, he puffed a civilized pipe with the sublime contentment of an English gentleman, which, queerly enough, is a sublimity paralleled only by that of a Chink about to greet his honorable forefathers underground. A suit of tailored ducks dropped smoothly over Maranui's strong lithe lines. He rested cross-wise on the rail two

*girl on a tropical "location."*

feet that found no discomfort in shoes, although Craig kicked off his own for coolness after Peggy went below. As to age Maranui was thirty; as to ancestry, two thousand. No wonder Peggy Braiden's eyes sometimes filled with amazement at him — amazement and something deeper which even secretly she dared not name; while Craig, connoisseur of good port, good cigars and good fellowship though he was, felt crude and unmellowed in Maranui's presence. Two thousand years of kingly blood underlay the fellow's careless grace, his pride, gentleness, his serenity of mind, withal the suggestion of volcanic fire sleeping beneath. Four years at Yale, four at Oxford, studying law and medicine which differed radically from his father's rituals — and he chuckled occasionally at these — so ran Maranui's

(Continued on page 85)



Do the film

The

OLD

Helping Hand

☞ Marion Davies  
always does  
her bit to  
make other  
people happy.

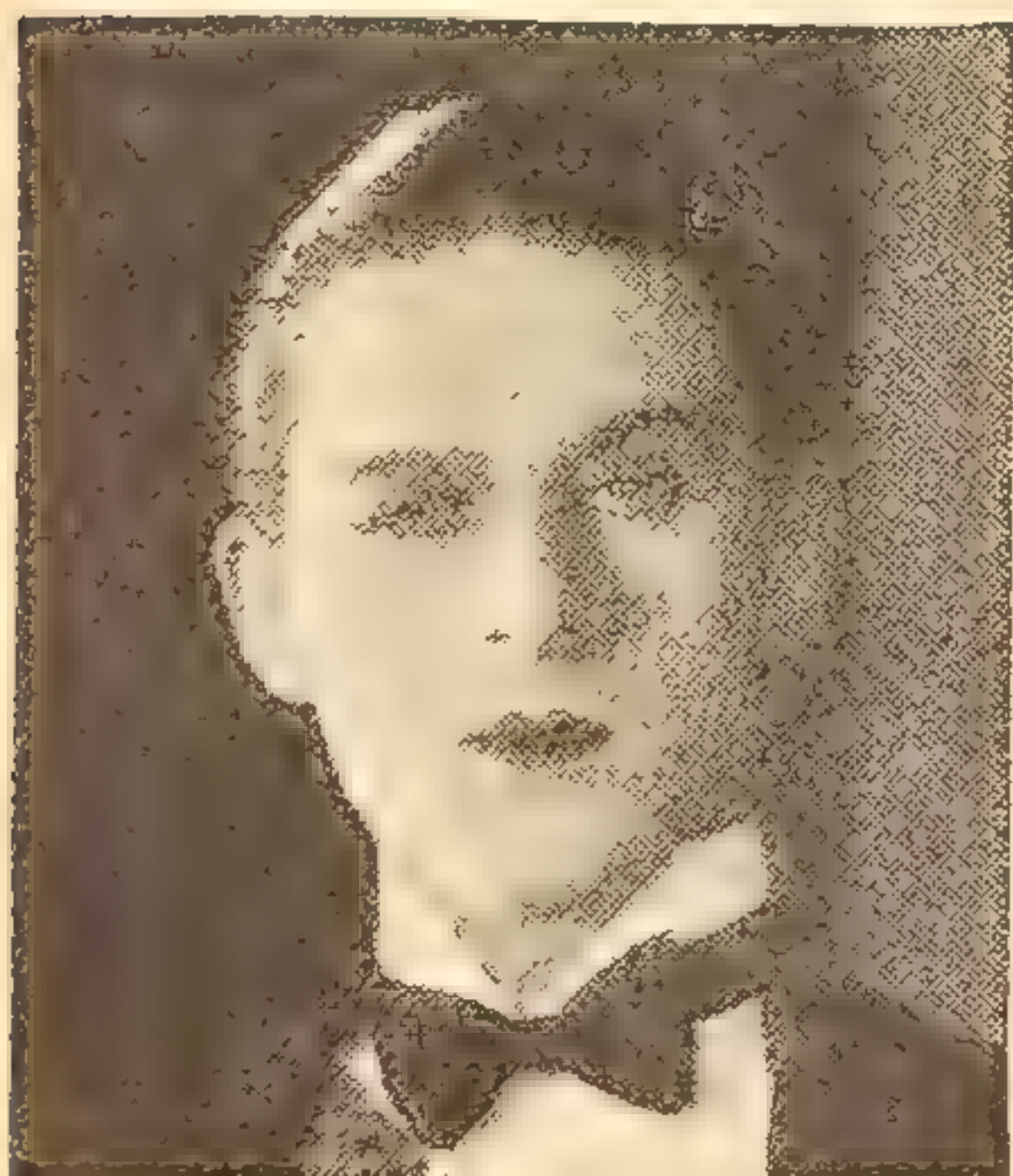


PULL!"

There's a little word with a lot of meaning. You know how it is usually uttered in screen circles — with the tongue in the cheek and the uplifted eyebrows? Poor little Pull — it has an exclamation point following it around like a detective.

To those outside, looking in — you know, the way the wistful hordes on the wrong side of the studio gate are pictured, as if they were the starving populace begging for bread, French pastry, anything? If they were really as pinched and haggard as they are pictured, any casting director would be glad to use them for types. To those strugglers, "Pull" had no private life. It was used as a single appropriate epithet to hurl at the privileged few who entered the gates on foot and came out in limousines.

The outsiders didn't know that everybody has to have some kind of pull. They (Continued on page 80)



☞ Ben Lyon is slow  
—slow to condemn  
others. He had  
rather help them.

☞ Lillian Gish has taken  
more than one extra  
under her friendly  
wing.



☞ Alice Terry is the most  
important of all the im-  
portant discoveries that  
Rex Ingram has made.



Stars give others a hand up?

By Delight Evans



fore she had reached a safe success, Mary Pickford held out  
looming hands to Lillian and Dorothy Gish. The more  
nervous she was, the more she became America's sweetheart.



# \$500.00

## PRIZE CONTEST to SECURE

The Fox Film Corporation, through SCREENLAND, offers an opportunity to the fans to help in the making of a scenario.

**T**HIS is not a contest for scenarios. Such contests have been found to be impractical, as the technical requirements are such that it is almost impossible for an amateur to write anything of value. But everyone knows some incident which would be excellent material to work into a film.

This contest is for colorful historic happenings which the Fox Film Corporation can weave with a love story to make a historical film.

All the many thousands who have enjoyed "The Iron Horse," which was produced by Fox Film Corporation, will understand that the main theme of building the railroad was but a small part of the actual film itself. The love story which ran through the film was only a minor detail. The colorful incidents of Indian attacks, track-laying, the short cut discovery, etc., were what made this film such a remarkable production. It gives not only a history of the period in a broad sense but the vivid incidents enable the movie fan actually to breathe the atmosphere of this dramatic period of American history.

There is no more worthy object in the world than this plan of Mr. Fox's which is to perpetuate, in the films, the thrilling and dramatic life which has resulted in the typical American character of to-day. We are all proud of our history and proud of the part each section played in making this great story. Even though the incidents which are known to you are trivial, they may be of the greatest importance, particularly when the preparation of a film is considered.

WRITE out as briefly as you can some historic incident which is treasured in your locality. SCREENLAND circulates through the length and breadth of these United States, and there are many stories and legends which have come down to us from our fathers which never have been printed in the books of history. It is these picturesque facts which could be made into a film and such a film would truly represent the spirit of America.

In order to illustrate the kind of true historical event desired, the following is an example of the kind of contribution that would be eligible for a prize (we hope to receive better ones, however):

"Miss Rachel Carter, a school ma'am in New Durham Township, La Porte County, Indiana, about 1830, had a thrilling experience when the Indians

used to walk silently into the schoolhouse and stolidly watch the whites. Finally "Twin Squaw" told Miss Carter that when the corn was knee high the Indians intended to kill all the whites. The resourcefulness of the pioneer was in Miss Carter's answer when, taking up a handful of sand and letting it run through her fingers, she turned to the squaw and said, 'We know, and white soldiers from the East as many as the sands are ready.' The next morning no trace of Indians was to be found."

\* \* \*

It will be seen that, while this incident appears to be



"This scene from the great Fox picture, "The Iron Horse," is a perfect example of the filming of an incident. The picture itself has established Mr. Fox as a producer with fine patriotic enthusiasm. The railroad was finished as shown here, and the last spike (of solid gold) was driven while frenzied crowds cheered the great event. Observe how the INCIDENT makes the picture.



# HISTORICAL

First Prize	. .	\$250.00
Second "	. .	100.00
Third "	. .	50.00
Fourth "	. .	25.00
Fifth "	. .	25.00
Sixth "	. .	25.00
Seventh "	. .	25.00
		<hr/>
Total	. . .	\$500.00

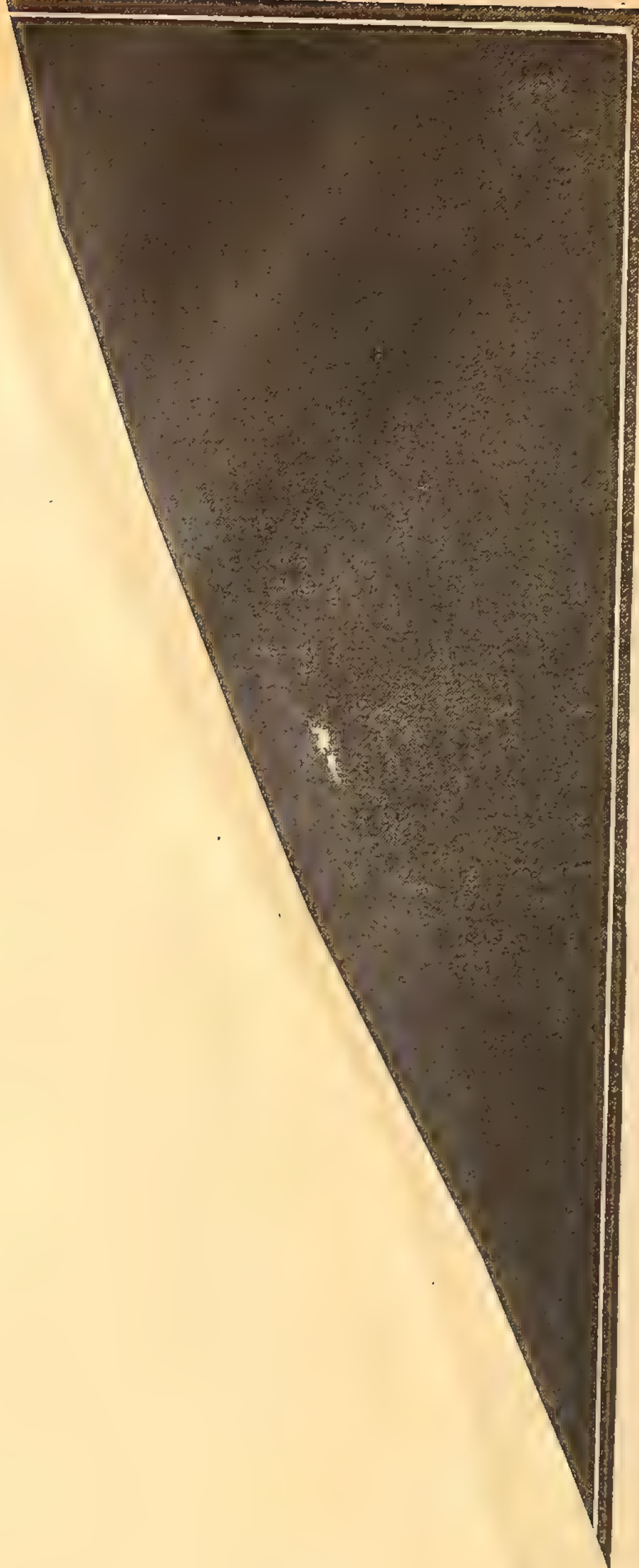
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needs.  
colorful  
contri

## FOR LETT

*About the histor  
days of your*







¶ In the Fox filming  
of the O. Henry  
stories you will  
find young and  
tricky

Marion  
Harlan



Photograph by  
Witzel Studios



# BEFORE THEY WERE FAMOUS

## Colleen Moore and I Worked in a Factory

By Janice Kingsley



“The Desert Flower” is the story of a girl with very little money. Colleen knows that life, too.



“The spirit that made Colleen the life of the candy factory took her to stardom.”

COLLEEN MOORE and I were fellow workers several years ago and I believe I can tell your readers a few interesting things about Colleen Moore.

Kathleen Morrison (as she was known then) was quite a jolly person and was not unlike her screen personality.

It was quite some time before I learned that she was in pictures. My, what a thrilling surprise it was to drop into a “movie” and see her playing opposite Charles Ray as a country lass. Colleen has improved in looks very much in the last two or three years. Much more graceful and filled out.

Well, readers, you are probably more interested in what my story of Colleen is in the early days and of my close associations with her.

The way we met was during Christmas time when we both worked at Bishop's candy factory. Our main object being able to learn the art of dipping chocolates

although our positions (if you may call it that) didn't last long enough. Our work was packing chocolates in these fancy boxes and we ate about every third one the first day; since then I've never had much use for them. How we hated the forelady; and no one would blame us if they had to work under such a person. She was positively mean. I'll never forget the day little “Colleen” lost her patience with this old woman and threw a nice fat squashy strawberry chocolate cream at her landing right on her chin. They never found out who played the trick, however, and I don't think they ever will.

After leaving that place we both started to look for another way of making our living.

Without any experience we applied for positions as waitresses in a small restaurant and were accepted. Colleen was surely there when it came to serving people, especially the opposite sex. Although one can't really call her a beauty, she had a very jolly personality.



“Colleen Moore is great because she kept a brightly shining ideal while she climbed upward.”

### Once Upon a Time

DID you ever know one of the girls or boys who has since become great in the movies? Write SCREENLAND and you will be well paid if your letter is printed.



# Flowers in the

*Q The beauties of the whole world  
bring to us their loveliness.*



*Q Greta Nissen  
brings grace,  
and shows it in  
"The Wander-  
er."*

*Q Pola Negri first  
among the for-  
eign invaders  
and first to win  
our affection.*



# Melting Pot



☞ Vilma Banky has already made her first American picture and made it noteworthy by her charm.



☞ Greta Garbo just off the boat from Sweden where she ranks first in the stars.

☞ Races mingle and new races result. Civilization advances and peoples the world over understand each other better because of the wanderers who seek far horizons. ☞ America has the greatest film industry and to us come all the great of the cinema to reap their reward in gold and glory. Meanwhile Americans push over the edge of the world with cash registers and cook stoves, cars and cotton goods. May they receive the same genuine welcome as we gladly extend to these maids of the camera.



# The Eighteen Great

*¶ The Paramount School is now in full swing. If you are ambitious to be a movie player, here are some of the things you must know.*

Photo by  
Ernest  
Bachrach



¶ Robert Andrews  
of New York—  
a candidate for  
fame.

By Blake McVeigh



¶ Gymnastics form an important part of the training to give the students grace and poise.

**A**T the end of their first month's training, eighteen embryonic motion picture stars, now students of the Paramount Picture School, are beginning to glow with a brighter lustre.

True, they do not as yet gleam resplendently like stars of the first constellation such as Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Thomas Meighan and Richard Dix. They still have hundreds of difficult details to master concerning the exacting but fascinating and profitable art of acting in front of the grinding movie camera. One of the most valuable results of their preliminary study, indeed, is the fact that every single one of them would be the first to admit that they have a long journey yet before they are equipped to wear the coveted stellar halo.

However, the fact remains that all of these enthusiastically ambitious youths and maidens have manifested splendid talent during the first milestone of the arduous six months' course that will point the way toward the crests of film fame. Already they have abundantly justified the rosy hopes entertained by Jesse L. Lasky and Tom Terriss, veteran director (and principal of the Paramount School), when they culled the gifted eighteen from thirty

thousand screen-struck boys and girls of all the hamlets, towns and cities in the entire United States.

Mr. Lasky and Mr. Terriss will be much surprised and greatly disappointed if several of the prize students do not develop into popular leading men and women soon after graduation in December. Virtually every one of the pupils even at this early date has displayed herself or himself to marked advantage in particular rôles. For example, some of the girls and boys wear costumes of bygone days with rare elegance. Others clearly show that their particular forte would be the impersonation of hard-riding Westerners, or 1925 tempestuous youth.

Some of the folks about the school

Next month, in SCREENLAND,  
Blake McVeigh will tell more  
about the starlets.



¶ Josephine  
Dunn take  
her daily  
driving les-  
son.



# Adventures---CHAPTER II



some idea of Blackton's potentialities.

Josephine Dunn brings to mind the piquant and blonde Pauline Garon. Dorothy Nourse might be mistaken for May McAvoy. Harriett Krauth is a lovely type who wears ancient velvets like a queen. She looks like Pauline Frederick when that eminent actress was younger. Ethelda Kenvin is an accurate counterpart of Betty Compson.

Jack Luden is the Jack Holt type. He is a marvelous athlete and has a splendid physique. Walter Goss, like Blackton, has an interesting face and a fine bearing. He is the Earle Williams type, only with certain traits of person-

ality of his own and more dash than the hugely popular Mr. Williams had in his heyday.

☞ Lorraine Eason, Thelma Todd and La Verne Lindsay on the bridge path in Central Park where the class rides daily.

Robert Andrews, Marian Ivy Harris, William Dillon, Lorraine Eason and La Verne Lindsay cannot readily be associated

(Continued on page 76)



☞ The boys learn fencing from Prof. Marcel Cabijos. Left to Right—William Dillon, Jack Luden, Charles Brokaw, Claud Buchanan, Walter Goss, Charles Rogers, Greg Blackton, Robert Andrews and Irving Hartley.

compare these scholars with well-known actors. Mona Palma is described as the very womanly type, like Florence Vidor. Thelma Todd is likened to the regal Alice Terry. Claud Buchanan may best be pictured as the manly, chivalrous type portrayed by Richard Barthelmess.

Charles Brokaw has indicated a penchant for sophisticated rôles such as William Powell and John Gilbert are generally found in. He may become the school's bad boy. Charles Rogers bears the markings of Charley Ray. He is wistfully boyish and so human! Greg Blackton has a remarkable face. You can't rightly say that he resembles any of the well-known players of the screen, but if you can picture the well-chiseled features of Alfred Lunt, only stronger and sharper, you will have



☞ Dorothy Nourse, formerly of Roxbury, Mass., but now of the limitless world of the screen.

Photograph by William Potter



# The PARTIES of the Picture People

By Grace Kingsley



When Carmel Myers steps out to a party she takes the spirit of revelry with her.

Has Miss Kingsley hidden the sobriquet of Patsy, the

PATSY THE PARTY-HOUND simply wouldn't be either absent from nor tardy at one of those Hollywood parties for anything!

And a party in Hollywood is likely to happen at any minute. So you can see how busy she is.

Everybody in Hollywood knows Patsy and Patsy knows everybody, and she is invited just everywhere.

Patsy is just one of those bush league amateur ingenues — doesn't broadcast her stuff on the screen, you know, as a general thing — doesn't have to, though occasionally she does a bit in picture; her dad owns what Patsy calls one of those Early Universal-period-Spanish-haciendas-on-a-Hollywood-hill and has one of those great, wide open pocket-books.

If Bull Montana throws one of those spaghetti dinner parties where you roll your own spaghetti and heaven help you if your fork slips, Patsy is on hand. If Mary Pickford gives one of those lovely little Y. W. C. A. parties at her home in Beverly



Rod La Rocque and Mabel Longstreet when a jazz band blows the whistle.

Hills for the baby stars and baby sheiks — I don't suppose Mary ever gave a cigarette holder away to a girl as a party favor in her life, and you could exchange the lace hanky you get there

for a Sunday school book any time — Patsy is there. If Samuel Goldwyn gives a stately reception, where you sit down if you like, but usually you don't want to for fear you'll miss something, as, for instance, whom Rod La Rocque is flirting with now, Patsy is always on the inside

looking out. If Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis give one of these kiddish Hallowe'en parties, where you can see wild Hollywood night life sports in the apple-bobbing and witch-clowning, there will Patsy be in their midst. Or if Bess Meredyth or Agnes Christine Johnson give one of their most charming parties, there you'll find Patsy.



## real movie star behind Party Hound?

kidding a baby sheik like Ben Lyon or somebody. If the center of movie doings happens to be the Cocoanut Grove, there 'neath the shade of the thirstless cocoanut palms, Patsy will be



holding forth; and if the party is at the Montmartre she will be seen among those present. I've known Patsy to do five parties in one night!

And as for Harry Carey's and Tom Mix's outdoor ranch jazzeries — well, as Patsy justly remarks, that is where she lives, moves and has her bean.

"WELL," exclaimed Patsy, the other day, showing me a card, "I can tell you right now this invitation is accepted while it is still on the wing! Guess who it's from!" "Oh," I said, "Maybe Mabel Normand is pulling one of those nice little after-theater supper parties she is famous for, where you can have radio or ginger ale or phonograph music or sandwiches, or where you can have that self-made music from the piano, or tell riddles — anything you like — and nothing is compulsory."

"Yes," said Patsy, "or maybe the Warners are having a big reception for the exhibitors who used to be butter-and-egg men, only it isn't. It just happens to be an invitation to lunch with Pola Negri, that's all!"

Alma Rubens and her director, Emmett Flynn, dancing the tango that put the Argentine into the movies.



Irene Rich and John Roche and several hundred extras in the party scene from "My Wife and I."



Arriving we found a sign on the front door of that old Southern mansion—it is a Southern mansion on the outside, you see—to call at the side door.

"What a nice idea!" exclaimed Patsy admiringly. "It makes you feel at once that you are an intimate—really a wanted guest—not at all formal and frozen. Still there is a little reception room between the cozy library and the door, so that if Pola didn't really want a person to stay he couldn't."

Pola kept us waiting a few minutes in that interesting library of her, and it was then that Patsy picked up a copy of Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra."

"I know now just who ought to play Cleopatra!" she exclaimed when Pola entered, "It's yourself!"

Pola smiled in a gratified sort of way, and answered, "Yes, I mean to some day. And I shall play her like a spoiled child!"

Pola's hair is cut in a new straight bob, which gives her the look of a naughty, lovable child.

"Mother is coming out soon, and I'm going to make her bob her hair too!" laughed Pola. "You see naturally I want my mother to look as young as possible, so that they all will say, 'Pola so young!'"

She showed us her house, which is mostly Italian, with her bedroom done in the frothy rococo period with dainty enamels and many soft yellow and cream tints and trailing draperies. There is a sunken bath which leads off Pola's bedroom.

"Now doesn't that bath just suit Pola?" whispered Patsy. "Wouldn't the idea of Pola hopping over the side of the bath-tub just ruin one's ideal? But can't you see that pantherish creature stepping gracefully down into that ingrowing tub?"

William Haines came in to lunch from a game of tennis. He was gay and full of the joy of living, and he and Pola do seem to be just awfully good friends if nothing more, as Patsy remarked afterward. You expect Pola to like exotic men, instead of which she likes wholesome, boyish ones.

We talked everything from international politics to the latest scandal during luncheon. Pola is marvelously well informed. She is a fierce little Polish patriot, and told us how, when the Germans took Warsaw, she went into the streets and aided in rescuing the children from death and starvation.

"You learn from things like this how casual is life," she said. "Why, do you know, I met lots of Russians on my recent trip to Paris, and though they are running cafes and working at anything they have to do, I don't think they are the least bit less happy than they were in Russia."

A dip in the swimming pool was in order after luncheon, and when Nita Naldi and Phyllis Haver dropped in, Pola transformed herself into an outdoor girl quite suddenly. Pola is learning to swim.

"A million dollar bathing girl parade!" cried Patsy.

**H**AROLD LLOYD and Mildred Davis delight in kid parties like Hallowe'en festivities. At one of these parties, I remember, everybody trooped over to the home of Lloyd's night watchman, played tick-tack on the old fellow's window and scared him into calling the police—which Harold didn't know until he looked up into a burly

cop's face! But both the night watchman and the cop were flabber-gasted when they saw who their victim was and apologetically let Harold go. But of course it was Harold who turned most apologetic, and I believe he raised that old fellow's wages next day.

Harold is really rather a bashful young man. The other night when Mildred gave a party for the girls of her club, Harold and some of his staff came and peeped in at the window, but wild horses couldn't have dragged him in among those girls.

The comedian, by the way, is very fond of magic tricks, and entertained me all one evening with feats of legerdemain. No trick is ever too hard for him to study out. He does a puzzle every morning—that is providing he can find one!—just as Doug Fairbanks works out a crossword puzzle to get his mind working in the morning.

**L**ARRY SEMON and his beautiful young wife, Dorothy Dwan, have a beautiful home up on Vine Street in Hollywood, and there Patsy and I have spent many a delightful evening.

Robert Leonard was up there one night, and in the dim light of the drawing room, sitting down on a couch he sat plunk on a pile of phonograph records which Dorothy had left carelessly lying there. Bobby is no light weight, and most of the records were smashed. Red as a beet Bobby hopped up to apologize. Wiping his forehead, he sat down again in another spot on the couch—and demolished another bunch of records.

Larry's Cocanut Grove parties at the Ambassador are notable. He and Dorothy gave a delightful one there on Gloria Swanson Night. Gloria of course was accompanied by her French Count husband.

"Oh, by the way," Patsy asked me, "have you heard the beginning of that romance?"

I told her I hadn't.

"Well, it seems that Famous Players-Lasky delegated the Count to look after Gloria and see that her interests were protected against fortune hunters. The Count saw to it quite thoroughly—by marrying her himself!"

Cocanut Grove on Tuesday night is brilliant with film fans. It is always Somebody's night, and on the tables always are placed wax dolls representing the person whose night it is. Guests are of course permitted to take the dolls home with them, and often people buy extra ones, paying as high as fifty or sixty dollars for a wax replica of Mabel Normand or Betty Compson or Jackie Coogan.

No set of people in the world, of course, lend the sparkle to such an occasion that the picture stars do.

The Biltmore on Saturday nights and the Montmartre Cafe in Hollywood on Wednesday night, and the latter place on Wednesday and Saturday noons, are the most famous partying places on the Coast.

Especially is the Biltmore on Saturday night, when the Sixty Club is giving its monthly ball in the great ball-room, a popular and brilliant place.

John Roche took Patsy and me to the dance the other night. Just everybody was there. Norma and Constance Talmadge, Buster Collier, Eugene O'Brien, Mrs. Clarence Brown, and several others were at one table. John Barrymore, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, May Allison, Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, Nita Naldi, Paul Bern, Patsy Ruth Miller, and scores (Continued on page 70)



# Books for Films

Q Why "The Man on the Box"  
was good screen material.

By Albert S. Howson



Q Syd Chaplin, starring in "The Man on the Box" which Warner Bros. are filming because this story has all the essential elements of a great photoplay.

Grath himself tells a story of Rastus, who, anticipating that season of festivity and rejoicing which marks the beginning of the calendar year, decided that he would lay aside a small weekly sum toward the purchase of good cheer. The day arrived and with his "ten," the fruit of his self-deprivation, he ambled forth. The treasure secured, a problem confronted him—how to convey it safely home. He placed it against his chest, buttoned the lower button of his coat, and cheerily went his way. The day was raw. He had almost reached his destination, when an uncontrollable desire seized him. He sneezed. His abdominal muscles contracted, his treasure, released from his security, crashed to the pavement. Glass is but glass. He gazed upon the

ruin with lack-lustre eye and ruefully scratched his head. "There's New Year's," said Rastus, "there's New Year's come and gone." Again I say, sympathy is the keynote of all humanity.

In judging and selecting moving picture material, the scenario department must take into consideration many things, and view the prospects from various angles. A primary thought is whether or not the material under consideration is in any way censorable. Many splendid books and manuscripts have been rejected because they contained matter that did not accord with the standard which Warner Bros. have set for themselves and their product. In discussing such material with persons submitting it, they have frequently been offered suggestions as to how the story might be altered to conform to their requirements. Such methods are not employed, however; their object is at all times to keep faith with the public.

The director is an all important factor, for in the last analysis it is he who can make or mar a picture, and in the latter case undo and set at naught all the work of all the departments of the firm. The Warner Brothers are particularly fortunate in their staff of directors, headed by their ace, the brilliant and versatile Ernst Lubitsch, whose latest masterpiece, "Kiss Me Again," but raises him still higher on his pedestal of supremacy.

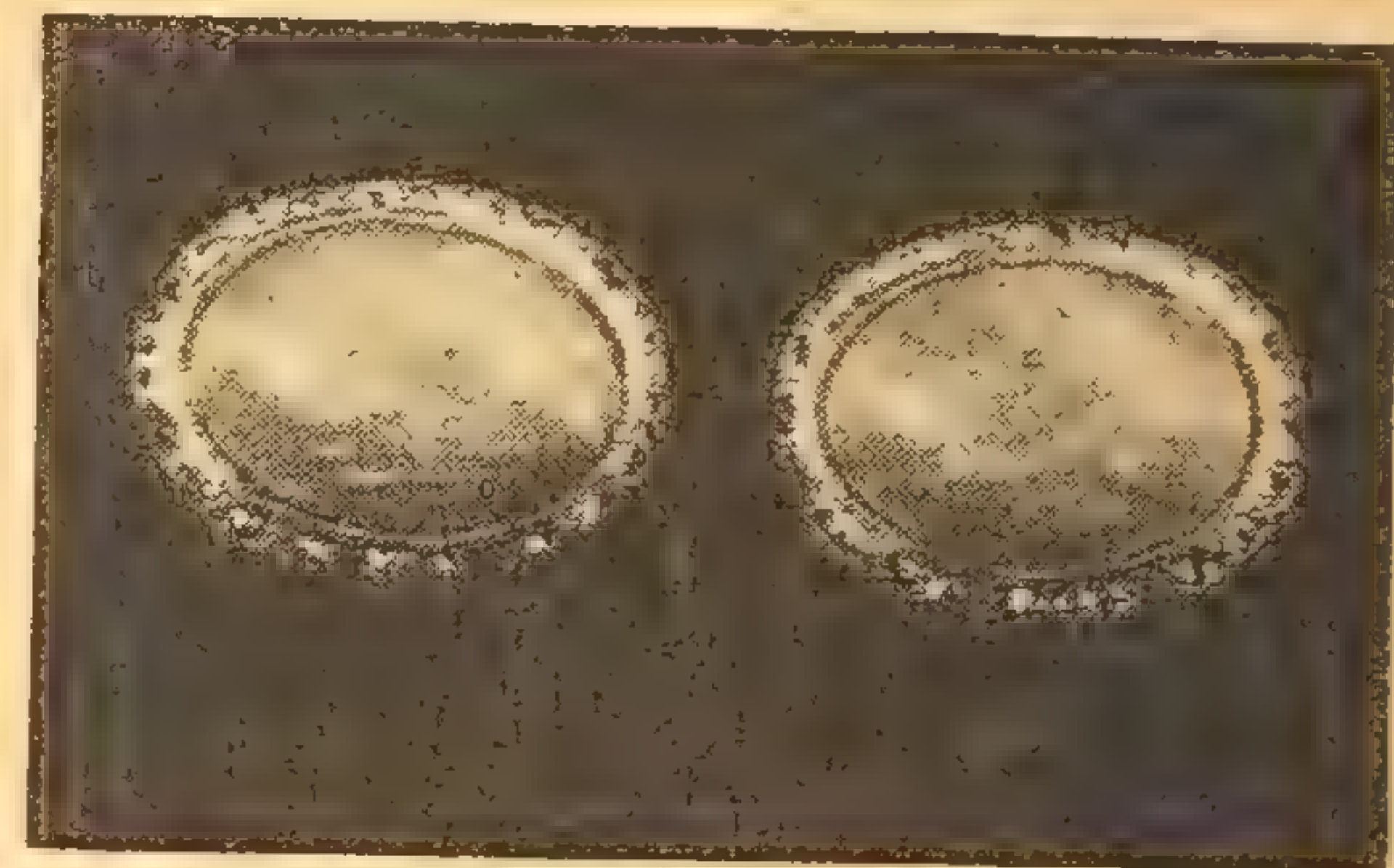


# GIFTS from the STARS

to  
SCREENLAND  
READERS



☞ This beautiful bag is 10" square and embroidered with gold thread. It has a circular panel, embroidered in colors, on both sides. The frame and clasp are gold-plated.



☞ These ornaments are of imitation jade surrounded by brilliants and were worn by Gloria Swanson on a fancy pair of dancing slippers in "Manhandled."

AT the wardrobe sales in Hollywood the garments and trinkets that have become well known through use in famous productions are sold to the public.

☞ Gloria Swanson with Larry Gray in "The Coast of Folly." You will notice on Gloria's right arm the bag which is to be given to the SCREENLAND reader who sends in the best letter about Gloria.

It is impossible for all the friends of the screen players to appear at these wardrobe sales, and so SCREENLAND is happy to announce that some lovely things have been turned over to us by Famous Players-Lasky for distribution to friends of the stars.

These articles will be given out through competitive fan letter contests, which are open to every reader of SCREENLAND.

And as there are young men who properly claim the distinction of being most ardent worshippers of these screen stars, it is probable that they will win many of these souvenirs. It may be that one of these trophies will serve as a figurehead on a college boy's speedster, or it may be that in some village of the North country a movie fan in storm-assailed cabin or hemlock-guarded camp will treasure one of these intimate gifts.

## What You Must Do

Write to SCREENLAND your feeling about the player who has made famous the article you wish, and if your letter, in the opinion of the Editor, is the best, briefest, clearest and most appreciative "fan letter" that we receive in the contest, then the article that you are interested in will be sent to you — postpaid and free of charge.



☞ Esther Ralston and Richard Dix in "The Lucky Devil." Esther Ralston is wearing the cute little green tam which will be given to the best fan letter about Esther.



☞ This little hat is made of soft green and white French felt and can be crushed up in a pocket without any bad results.



☞ This little evening dress is of changeable blue and peach taffeta with panels of pale blue tulle falling from the waist. The tulle panels are trimmed with wreaths of velvet pansies. Esther Ralston wore this dress in "The Little French Girl" and it would fit a slim girl about 5 feet 8 inches tall.



# Would you like to have FREE something your favorite star has worn?

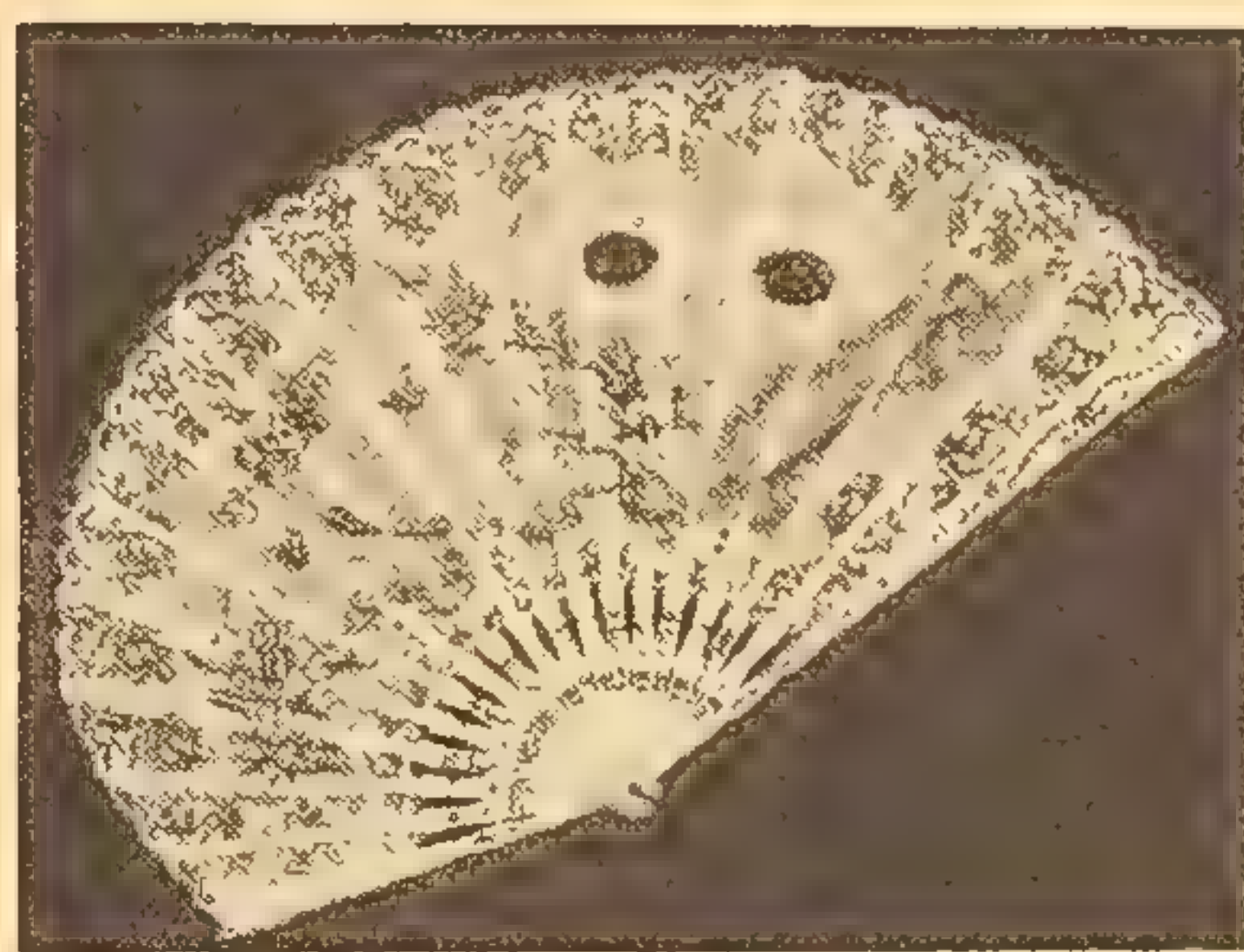
*Famous Players-Lasky Corporation have turned over to SCREENLAND eleven valuable articles for distribution among the fans.*



Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels shown with Valentino in a scene from "Monsieur Beaucaire." There are two articles in this picture which are to be given away—the delicate mirror in Lois Wilson's hand and the fan Bebe carries.



How many girls have wished that they were in Carol Dempster's shoes? Well, here's your chance. These gold slippers were worn by Miss Dempster in "That Royle Girl"—to be released soon—and are size 5AA.



This fan, which Bebe Daniels carried in "Monsieur Beaucaire," is of white lace with gold filigree. The cute idea of the holes for the eyes makes it very individual. This fan is of real value, although it has been broken and repaired.

For example, if you would care to have the beautiful bag that Gloria Swanson uses in "The Coast of Folly," write a letter which expresses your feelings about Gloria Swanson, not necessarily in connection with "The Coast of Folly," but more about the pleasure you have received from watching her in any of the successful films in which she has appeared. Your letter must be addressed to the contest in which you are interested. For instance, for the Gloria Swanson Bag, the letter would have to be addressed: Gloria Swanson Bag Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y.

There has never been a successful film without a large measure of sentiment. It is the life blood of every story. And those of us who particularly enjoy the motion pictures are probably among the most sentimental of all audiences, or at least we are emotionally easily stirred. It is for this reason that these trophies and souvenirs of the stars will mean more than their actual value to motion picture enthusiasts. The gifts have considerable real value, but unless the sentimental value to you is far greater, you will never be able to write the letter that will bring you one of these intimate gifts. But if you sufficiently understand the make-believe lives of these players you will have no difficulty in telling what they mean to you.

The fan letters do not have to



This is a beautifully wrought hand-mirror with a jewel-encrusted cover—it is shown closed in this picture. It is worn as a pendant at the end of a chain. It is 4" in length. This will go to the fan who writes the best letter about Lois Wilson.





“This dress you can see in “Wild Wild Susan” if you look quickly enough, for Bebe in that picture is her most fascinating, vivacious self. The dress is green flannel with silver collar and cuffs, and fits Bebe who, as you know, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and a perfect 36.

have suggestions nor criticisms. But both of these would be in order. When you sit down to write a letter for this contest you will find very likely that among all the thoughts you have it is difficult to know which one to choose and difficult to express just what you think. That is the value of this contest. The composing of the letter will do you more good probably than the gifts would. Always remember if you do not win the prize it will be because you are unable to feel, or to express your feelings.

Here is an opportunity to improve yourself.

### Conditions:

1. There are eleven separate contests.
2. You may enter as many of these contests as you desire but you must write a separate letter for each one.
3. Keep a copy of your letter if you value it. No letters will be returned.
4. Neatness and legibility will be taken into consideration.
5. The contests will close on the 15th of October, 1925.
6. Address your letter to the contest you wish to enter:

- No. 1 — Gloria Swanson's Bag Contest.
- No. 2 — Esther Ralston's Hat Contest.
- No. 3 — Nita Naldi's Spanish Scarf Contest.
- No. 4 — Nita Naldi's Spanish Comb Contest.
- No. 5 — Lois Wilson's Mirror Contest.
- No. 6 — Bebe Daniels' Fan Contest.
- No. 7 — Gloria Swanson's Buckles Contest.
- No. 8 — Esther Ralston's Dress Contest.
- No. 9 — Carol Dempster's Gold Shoes Contest.
- No. 10 — Bebe Daniels' Dress Contest.
- No. 11 — Esther Ralston's Scarf Contest.



“Esther Ralston wears this lovely scarf in “The Lucky Devil.” It is French blue crepe de chine with ornamental ends of printed crepe, and is three yards long and twenty inches wide.



“This red comb from Nita Naldi's costume measures 12” and is shown in the picture, “The Sainted Devil.” The richness of the design is characteristic of the Spanish love for ornamentation.

“This black silk fringed scarf is appliqued in the Spanish custom with yellow, white and red pieces of silk. The appreciative fan will get an added thrill out of the tiny holes where Nita Naldi pinned it on when dressing for the famous scene with Valentino.





☞ The heights that a dancer may reach are typified by Mae Murray, the greatest dancer on the screen.



☞ Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow* and a group of dancers who add to its lively atmosphere.





# "They're Off"

## SCREENLAND'S CONTEST WINNERS HAVE STARTED

By Rodney Hickok

**I** SUPPOSE you have all been wondering what happened to the contest winner who was chosen from among the many entries throughout the country. You remember the contest to give a young girl a chance in the movies? Well, I am here to tell you all about it. She is with Allan Dwan and getting her chance in Gloria Swanson's new starring vehicle; and this is how it happened:

Tom Terriss chose Jeanne Lorraine as the winner, intending to use her in his next production, according to his promise to SCREENLAND. But his production plans were changed. He was selected as head of the new Paramount Picture School, because of his "destiny eye," I guess, and he is very busy trying to find and develop new talent for the screen. Consequently he is making no productions until later in the year and it looked as though he might not make good his agreement with SCREENLAND.

He asked Mr. Dwan if there was anything suitable for Miss Lorraine in his forthcoming production; if so would he give her a chance at it? Mr. Dwan willingly agreed. He interviewed Miss Lorraine, with the result that she will appear in his new production, "Stage Struck," starring the same Glorious Gloria.

And so, through the helpful generosity of Allan Dwan, Tom Terriss fulfills his promise to SCREENLAND by proxy; and Jeanne Lorraine gets her chance in the movies.



☞ Allan Dwan who became famous through the direction of Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood" now is directing Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck."



☞ Tom Terriss making the tests of Jeanne Lorraine which resulted in securing for her a part in Gloria Swanson's picture.



☞ Mr. Rowland of First National Pictures has given Miss Minette Humphries, the Screenland Contest Winner, a thorough test to establish the kind of part for which she is best suited. For these tests, the young winner and her mother came to New York from Evansville, Ind., for a few days and First National paid all the bills.



# New Screenplays

Reviewed by  
Delight Evans

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Ⓐ A poor little lonely tramp, starving and frozen but game.

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## The Gold Rush

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A  
TROUBLED HEART

Dear Miss Barefax:

**W**HAT shall I do? As one girl to another, try and tell me. You have solved so many girls' problems so maybe you can help me. I certainly need it.

I have been admiring a young man for years and years. He was not exactly handsome and his taste in dress was not what you call natty; but his heart was in the right place and when he smiled I would forgive him anything, even for wearing shoes ten sizes too big for him. He behaved all right—except that he had a bad habit of tripping up fat men and thumbing his nose at policemen and kicking people in the pants—but the way he did it you couldn't hold it against him. I didn't see him for three or four years and gosh, how I missed him! Then not so long ago I heard he was going to be in town, and I waited to see if he had changed. And now—and now!

Well, I'm telling you I didn't know it was the same young man. He dressed the same all right, and he walked the same and wore the same funny baggy pants and big shoes and derby, and still boasted that lovely little moustache. But he was different, somehow. And when he started in to act up, something was missing. He was much more of a little gentleman than he used to be—in fact, I think he kicked somebody in the face only once; and he didn't trip up anybody at all. I wouldn't have known him. My heart is broken.

Oh, Charlie, Charlie—how

could you! Here Broadway has been waiting nigh on three years for you, and traffic was tied up on the great light way when you came to town in *The Gold Rush*. When you came down the aisle of the Strand Theatre everybody cheered; it was just like old times. Then the picture started. You have the part of a life-time, Charlie—a poor little lonely tramp, mixed up in the hectic days of 'forty-nine, starving and frozen, but game. You love this girl and she kids you along and makes you think she cares, too—when all the time she thinks you're just a little bum, not worth bothering about. You should have been pathetic and hilarious, and pitiful and funny.

You never had a theme which suited you so well. But you've changed, Charlie. What's happened to you?

Have you been imbibing ideas a la Joe von Sternberg? Have you listened to the high-brows who just discovered you a few months ago after the rest of the world has known you for a genius for ten years? Are you taking yourself seriously? What you used to do—are you ashamed of that, now? Have you exchanged your derby for a high hat? Somehow I can't believe that. When you responded to the cheers at the end of *The Gold Rush*, and stepped out on the stage and said "a few words," you seemed honest enough, and sincere, and unspoiled. You can still blush, Charlie. But where's your slap-stick? Have you just decided to discard it for a while, or have you thrown it away altogether? Before I break right down



Ⓐ "There is gold in them thar hills."



and sob, Charlie, I want to ask you why you ever made a picture labelled "a dramatic comedy," with only one or two real howls in all the eight reels, and long stretches of stuff which the yes-men of the world may tell you is art, but which is certainly not good entertainment. Have you forgotten the kids who are crazy about you; and all the others who want a big laugh more than any-

thing, whether it's art or not? After *The Gold Rush*, I wouldn't have been surprised to see a broken heart for every bulb on Broadway.

There was gold in them thar hills, Stranger, but you didn't find it.

(Signed) JUST A GIRL WHO CAN'T FORGET.

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© The Merry Widow

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# The Merry Widow Gets the Estate

**Y**EARS from now, when *The Merry Widow* has been filmed again, and some cutie plays the part, the old, wise guys will shake their heads and mutter into their beards: "Ah, yes—but you should have seen Mae Murray!"

The Merry Widow of today's film is not the Merry Widow of the musical play. Where's that sheath gown with the snappy slit skirt my great-uncle used to tell us children about as we gathered at his feet? Where's that picture-hat? All gone. They've white-washed the Merry Widow. She's had her face lifted, and emerges as a radiant, shy ingenue. She isn't continental at all; she's Irish. You'll like her that way. And you'll like her boy friend, better known as Prince Danilo, who, if his head were not shaved, might be mistaken for the widow's childhood sweetheart, back in our alley.

The Merry Widow—Sonia, the European original—has been transformed to Sally, shy little dancer of a "Manhattan Follies" troupe which wanders into the mythical kingdom of Montebianco. Sonia is probably more surprised than anybody at the change. But it works. Sally's not too shy to captivate the two leading men of the kingdom, Crown Prince Mirko, champion sneerer, and his cousin Prince Danilo, champion charmer. Sally is independently Irish; but after several glances at Prince Danilo she's ready to change her nationality. Wait—she doesn't know yet that he's a Prince. She consents to have supper with him. Now when the Prince said supper, he meant supper. But how was Sally to know? She'd always gone away hungry from suppers before. She loved Danilo, so this time she stayed.

After he has smashed her heart, the lovely dog, she finds he's a Prince and can't be after marryin' every colleen who comes along. All right, says Sally—or maybe begorra—I'll marry the rich old man. Considerately, he dies right after the wedding. Sally is—the Merry Widow. And so to Paris. Danilo comes there to drink and forget. Mirko comes to marry the widow. There's a duel; there's

—well, the picture is in ten reels not counting those added by the Prince; but it seems more like five, especially when Mae and Jack get going. There's something old-fashioned about the whole show, even though Erich von Stroheim did direct. The love story is charming and poetic, rather than hectic—more Griffith than von Stroheim. If you don't believe any more in mythical Princes and virtuous dancers and night-life at Maxim's, stay home and get station WJAZZ on the radio. But you'll miss a lot of fun.

When I say old-fashioned, don't get the wrong impression. There are modern wild parties if you like them. If you want expensive scenery and extras, you'll find them. If you crave action, there are the scenes in which the Prince smashes his royal cousin in the nose, kicks his aide, kisses a peasant wench, and beats up his cousin again. And the duel—mustn't forget the duel, between the Prince and the Crown Prince; and which one wins? Why, the Crown Prince, and so's your old man.

Just wait until you see Jack in that uniform—just wait. You might write to him now, before the picture hits your home-town, and order your autographed photograph well in advance. That's just a tip from one who fell, and fell hard, for young Mr. Gilbert. He sacrificed his lovely curls for his art and on one occasion appears in a costume which looks like a fancy night-shirt; but little things like that can't stop the boy. He's charming. And Mae Murray shares with him—fifty-fifty. She's never been so lovely—she's the Merry Widow. She plays this time without fluttering. She never seems to be trying to out-Pavlowa in a rendition of the dying swan. She's beautiful—and speaking of night-gowns, if the editor doesn't interrupt, and if Mr. Hays doesn't snip the scene, she wears a black lace one which will make all those mean critics who have said she can't act put her right in the Duse class. The villain is Roy D'Arcy, who has the worst sneer you ever saw. Only the director himself could have sneered better.

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MAE MURRAY IS SCREENLAND'S  
ONE **BEST** BET *of the* MONTH

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# Don't You BELIEVE It

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—but don't let the title deceive you. I know how you must feel about one more South Sea island thing. I felt the same way. But this is the shock of the season. If anybody had told *me*—well, live and learn, as the saying goes, and how's your uncle?

The heroine is one of those wild little things who flings herself about in tropical abandon and mortifies the cast, though not the audience, by refusing to put on any more clothes. She falls in love with Bert Lytell but renounces him. He follows her back to the South Seas and marries her, but they don't get along, see? And that's that. The same thing might happen to a couple of people up in Harlem and nobody would give a darn. But a row of palms has magic power. A ukelele is mightier than the baby grand. In other words, a love story laid in the tropics has everything its own way.

Anita Stewart as the tropical princess, Tamea, is irresistible. Anita is perhaps the last person you would select to portray tropical passion and things like that. But Anita fools you by playing it for all she's worth and a couple of beads. She's a lovely girl—I can say so without fear of contradiction; but I bet her own mother didn't know her in this. She's the spirit of the south seas—I've never been there but I know what I've read. She's a wicked number, that's what she is. Bert Lytell has a hard time keeping up with her, but don't blame him for that. I liked the ending until Huntley Gordon was dragged in to share the sunset with Anita. I like Huntley but he seems to me the last man in the movies who would travel to the south seas to see any girl.

Peter B. Kyne, who wrote the story, also assisted in its picturization. But Kyne didn't take any mean advantages. And, altogether—after seeing Tamea—is altogether.



¶ Anita Stewart as Tamea is a wicked number, and Bert Lytell has a hard time keeping up with her.

## ¶ Wild Horse Mesa

# Men WILL BE MEN

¶ Billie Dove and Jack Holt romp around God's playground.

IF I ever see Jack Holt in a picture in which he does not talk to his hoss and fight with one, or both, of the Beery brothers, I shall go home and take a good, long rest; I will know that I am not feeling right.

The latest Zane Grey romp around God's playground is *Wild Horse Mesa*, and it is as good as any, if you happen to like Zane Grey. Some of the most stunning scenery a camera ever recorded, plenty of horses, Jack, Noah, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Billie Dove are scrambled into something resembling drama. The trouble is, there's no suspense any more. If, just for a change, they would let Jack talk to his horse all he wants to and Noah Beery make love to Billie Dove and be accepted, then there would be an element of novelty about the thing. As it is, you can write your own plot, although I hope you won't be guilty of such captions as are sprinkled, with a



generous hand, through *Wild Horse Mesa*.

The most interesting part of it concerns the wild horses, and George Seitz—who, by the way, does everything possible with his material—secured some gorgeous shots of them. He also seemed to understand Billie Dove better than any director for a long time. Billie is perhaps the prettiest girl in the world—I don't mean beautiful, handsome, stunning, or smart, but *pretty*—and she's so pretty that she sometimes cloy. Seitz has shown us her human side. Despite his efforts, if he makes another one of these, nothing will drag me to it—not even the wild horses.



# Mother Goose MAKES GOOD



© "It's the part of a lifetime, and Louise Dresser is superb in it."

Just because *The Goose Woman* is a fine picture is no reason for getting serious about it. It is good, and it is diverting—a combination seldom achieved. Clarence Brown may have been just another director before; now he will be remembered. He must have almost all the qualities necessary for directorial distinction, because *The Goose Woman* couldn't have been easy to make. It is replete with pitfalls for the too-eager director. He might have fallen a dozen times. But not even in the mother-son scenes does he let his emotions get the best of him.

There is so much plot that to tell a little would be to give it all away. And every reel is as full of surprises as a birthday cake. Louise Dresser, in the title rôle, furnishes many of them. She is seen as a broken-down old woman whose only companion is a faithful goose. She has alienated the world, even

**H**ERE is a brand-new jingle for your Mother Goose books. Good old Goosie has at last caught the trend of things and brings herself right up to date. She drinks gin, gets a facial, and otherwise shows she knows what's what. The children are justified for their long and patient interest in the lady; in fact, it might pay them to look her up again, and talk over old times.

her own son. Then circumstances restore her to her former grandeur, and she is able to make up for all she has lost. It is interesting to watch Miss Dresser in this part. She was once a celebrated musical comedy star, you know; and when, in this picture, the goose woman drags out old photographs of herself, they happen to be Miss Dresser's own. It's the part of a lifetime, and Louise Dresser is superb in it.

© Under the Rouge

# How's Your Complexion?

**I** THOUGHT for a minute that *Under the Rouge* was another one of those cosmetic ads that points to a picture of two girls and says: "Mother and Daughter—Guess Which? The sweet, natural, wholesome type of girl is the girl a man wants for a wife. Would he marry her?" They could never get away with things like that on the screen.

*Under the Rouge*, however, concerns the tin you love to touch. It's a crook picture—even Tom Moore is crooked, so you see how crooked it must be. When he reformed he almost broke this girl's little heart—for I am so easily taken in, and I thought Tom was really getting tough on us. As a story, *Under the Rouge* has such situations as the hero pinning his own war cross



on the mother's dress and telling her it's her son's, his "buddy," who died in action; and the rescue of the heroine just as she is about to be whirled over the rapids, which was what she wanted, anyway. Eileen Percy looks like a nice, sensible girl; but in this picture she acts like a ninny. Here's Tom in love with her all the time, and she keeps on spurning him. A group of us girls in the audience just got right up to our feet and cried; "If you don't want him, we want him," or words to that effect.

Tom Moore has no scruples whatever. He'll break your heart with a gesture. He is not at all considerate and no sooner has he torn you to little bits than he proceeds to step all over your emotions again. I'd call Mr. Moore a great screen actor, if anyone would listen.

"And," concludes the complexion ad—and the picture, "if you want to be the kind of girl a man wants to marry, use our soap." It's soft.



☞ "I'd call Mr. Moore a great screen actor, if anyone would listen."

☞ *The Girl Who Wouldn't Work*

## Who Could Blame Her?

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK will be remembered, if not for its pleasant, high-sounding title, then as the first picture on record in which Lionel Barrymore, bless his heart, gets the girl. Mr. Barrymore certainly deserves to. He has wandered around the screens lately looking like a walking illustration of "All Alone." He is the man who sighs and shrugs when the young hero takes into his arms the only little woman in the world. He tries to act as if he doesn't mind, but you know he does; and why not, when any girl, even a movie star, in her right senses would prefer him to any other man in the cast?



☞ Lionel Barrymore, bless his heart, gets the girl!



☞ Lilyan Tashman—in "The Girl Who Wouldn't Work."

In his present picture Lionel Barrymore looks even more like sister Ethel, in his own way, than ever. He plays a rich bachelor—you know, one of those men with a cut-glass chandelier in their little apartment. Although he takes Lilyan Tashman for automobile rides and she never had walked home from one yet, Mr. Barrymore isn't satisfied; he determines to add Marguerite de la Motte to his art collection. Marguerite is a clerk in a store, which seems silly when all she'd have to do would be to get a job in the Follies; but there she is, anyway, engaged to the floorwalker, Forrest Stanley, though she worries him, and Henry Walthall, her father, almost frantic because she insists on throwing money away on silk stockings. Things come to a head when she demands stocking money and dad won't give it to her, and she goes riding with Lionel. You can't imagine what happens then! It's one of those "different" pictures.

In the end, Marguerite and Lionel indulge in a clinch, and cheers were heard in the projection room. Mr. Barrymore deserved them; so did Miss de la Motte, for her good taste and for her acting. She's one pretty girl who doesn't work at it. She depends upon her art to see her through, and it won't be her fault if people persist in concentrating elsewhere. *The Girl who Wouldn't Work* is economically directed by Marcel de Sano, one of the very new, very young directors. The other day he was doing two-reel comedies. Today he's rejuvenating a Barrymore. And doing it darn well. Oh, for the life of a movie director!



# SLAVES of



I'M speaking of at least two dandy girls who might be better off if they hadn't the misfortune to be starred.

Norma Shearer has just been elevated to single billing and, thanks to the aplomb of picture magnates, has had a mediocre story shoved off on her. It's true that the finer the actress, the worse she seems in indifferent vehicles. A pretty sap may shine in a story to match. A Norma Shearer, like a rare jewel, needs a suitable setting. She doesn't get it in her first stellar story, *A Slave of Fashion*. It's frothy stuff, and it forces Miss Shearer to be frothy, too. She is held down by the limitations of her rôle; she can't be a Bernhardt in a Fannie Brice act. She may not be blamed because she looks very beautiful.



Ⓐ Norma Shearer, like a rare jewel, needs a suitable setting.



# STARDOM

CORINNE GRIFFITH is another martyr to mediocrity. She does the best work of her career in *The Marriage Whirl*, and it is not her fault if her surroundings are not equal to her talents. Corinne has one or two marvellous scenes as a neglected wife; in fact, she passes even my predictions for her. She, too, is so very lovely to look at that, even if she couldn't act worth a cent, let alone a thousand or two, she would "get over." But her beauty is combined with a fine and sensitive gift of pantomime. If she had proper stories and exploitation, she would be one of the two or three first actresses of the screen. Meanwhile *The Marriage Whirl*, for her performance alone, is worth seeing.



☞ Corinne Griffith does the best work of her career in "The Marriage Whirl."



# Mush On!

An "epic" film of Dawson in the days of the gold rush.



WINDS OF CHANCE is not an effort to compete with Charlie Chaplin's burlesque gold rush. But it is almost as funny in its own quiet way. It has a huge cast which went 'way up thar somewheres in the mts. to film snow scenes and almost froze to death, and all for us. But they might as well have stayed in Hollywood for all the good they do me.

Frank Lloyd is such a nice man, I hate to say anything against one of his pictures. But I can't help thinking that Mr. Lloyd is completely lost when assigned to direct one of these "epic" things. Why not let him alone to mull over the vagaries of human nature in his nice, competent, quiet way? Of course, there may have been human nature up in Dawson in the days of the

gold rush, but Mr. Lloyd doesn't seem to have ferreted it out. His actors all act as if they heartily wished themselves back home in Hollywood, and seem to think that if they act hard enough, maybe Mr. Lloyd will send them back sooner.

The story is by Rex Beach and I wish someone would tell me what it is all about. Anna Q. Nilsson plays a countess, Ben Lyon is "the boy," Viola Dana is Hobart Bosworth's daughter and Hobart drinks and Vi imitates the little girl in *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*—(i. e., obsolete word meaning speak-easy). There are fights and lots of rapids and Victor McLaglen rescuing people right and left. I like all these people—even Claude Gillingwater as one of those lovely old funny men—but they made me nervous skidding around. Thin ice is right.

His Buddy's Wife

## Merton Come Back

IF Glenn Hunter really shares the ambition of the unforgettable *Merton of the Movies* to be a "bigger and better and finer actor," he can take a long breath right now. He is one. He steps into a puny little picture, *"His Buddy's Wife,"* and while he is on the scene he almost kids you into believing it's great stuff. He plays a sort of lost puppy part—that of a lonely young man who comes back after the war to take his buddy's place on a New England farm. He runs into trouble, because the narrow-minded villagers catch him kissing his buddy's wife. Nobody else blames him, because the wife is Edna Murphy. But Glenn doesn't rise to become the general manager of the local glue factory, or even of Edna. The end of the picture finds him just as lost and as lonely as in the beginning; and your heart goes out to him or you're an old tight-wad.

Glenn Hunter





Tom Terriss directed and he seemed to realize that in Glenn Hunter he had a star who knows his business better than anybody. He lets him pretty much alone. Such methods might be dangerous with some actors; not

with Glenn. He keeps on the safe side of dignity and restraint, even in a crying close-up; and you know what a strain that must have been, even for him.

☞ *The Home Maker*

## Domestic but Not Dumb

**T**O call any picture a domestic drama is to brand it and send it out into the world under a cloud. And that's a rotten thing to do to any picture. So let's forget about *The Home Maker* being domestic. As a matter of fact, she isn't domestic at all. As a home maker, she's a dismal failure. It's just a gentle dig at the millions of movie wives and mothers who made movie homes such pleasant places that movie husbands and fathers invariably were detained downtown with the usual complications.

*The Home Maker* plays tag with movie tradition. Its wife and mother resents domesticity and takes it out on her family. Her children are sullen and spoiled, her husband has that hunted look. Then things happen. The husband loses his job and tries to kill himself; he falls off a roof and knows no more—except about women. She goes out to work in his place. He's a success as a home maker. Point your own moral. There's a terrific climax that will thrill you as if it were out of your own life. There's something in this picture for everybody, whether you like it or not.

King Baggott used to be a popular actor. If he keeps on directing with the power he put over in *The Home Maker*, he'll never go back to acting. He's there. Somehow or other Alice Joyce has a habit of being identified with domestic problems; she looks as if she had been coaxed out of the home just for one picture. But the men steal all the applause. Clive Brook as the husband is sincere, moving, and utterly charming—and so he naturally gets most of the sympathy. Except what he shares with a little boy named Billy Kent Schaffer, playing a spoiled child, who never cared for anything in the world except a dirty teddy bear until his father stayed home all the time and won his heart. Billy is a bad boy or he is another Coogan. Maybe a little of both.



☞ "Alice Joyce has a habit of being identified with domestic problems."

With this issue, SCREENLAND presents to its readers reviews by a staff of writers of whom we have reason to expect great things. Delight Evans is known to every SCREENLAND reader. Her mail is the largest and her standing is the highest.

—Bill Colling's reviews will also be found in this issue. His reputation is growing. Read his criticisms.

Morrie Ryskind, SCREENLAND'S critic of the theatre, will give you the flavor of the new shows entertainingly. He is "Morrie" to all Broadway—read his comments.



# SOME

## New

### FILMS

Reviewed by  
Bill Colling

Tom certainly can ride. He climbs all over a horse about the way I do over a typewriter, and with considerably more scenic effect! But when he dresses up like little Lord Fauntleroy, I wish he wouldn't. He is given excellent support by J. Farrell MacDonald, Billie Dove and others. Ann Pennington contributes terpsichorean interludes. Tony, as usual, is wonderful. The sets are elaborate. And that's that.

## LADY ROBINHOOD

FIRST of all, see it. You'll enjoy it. I did, and any average person will. I may be wrong in my own estimation there. Some say I am below average. Well, all the more reason why the average should enjoy it. It is good entertainment.

It is all that the name implies. A lady Robinhood. And very well done by Evelyn Brent. Her work is exceptionally fine. She seems to have absorbed some of the dash and fire of the screen's male Robinhood. Her riding and escapes are well worth watching.

## THE LUCKY HORSESHOE

THIS is a Tom Mix picture — so why worry the good old highbrow with an attempt to be analytical or overly serious? The dog days are upon us, and Tom and *dolce far niente* with respect to mental effort go so well together that I would be a captious critic indeed to make a labored search for the Higher Things of the Drama in connection with any strip of celluloid bearing the magic name of Mix.

Strangely enough, the one thing I didn't like—purely from the standpoint of hot weather entertainment—about this film was that it seemed too sissified. The plot starts out in the usual way—the rancher's daughter goes abroad where she acquires flapperism and a sheik, while the cowboy sings his lonesome lament to the coyotes. The girl comes home with her fiance, and all is set for the wedding—but we see in the close-ups that all is not well in her heart and that she really loves Tom. Oh, that he would but speak them wondrous voids!

And then—then the plot goes on a vacation. Tom is kidnapped to get him out of the way of the jealous bounder who is to marry the sweet young thing, gets rapped over the head, and has a dream in which he is none other than Don Juan. After many thrilling adventures, some of which are decidedly clever, he rescues a damsel in distress. Then Tom wakes up, gets away from his captors, rides like fury and gets back to the ranch just in time to bust up the wedding and claim the willing maiden for his own.



Jack Hoxie in "The White Outlaw," does some wild riding before he wins Marceline Day.

The locale is an out-of-the-way province in Spain where the downtrodden peasants are ruled by the mailed fist of an unscrupulous governor. This governor, in turn, is under the thumb of one Cabraza, well played by Boris Karloff, who robs the treasury at will.



Evelyn Brent is Senorita Catalina, the governor's daughter, but in the mountains she is known to the peasants as La Ortiga, Lady Robinhood. Miss Brent makes two distinct characters in the dual rôle. As the daughter she is the pampered, well dressed Spanish senorita who lazily waves her fan; and as La Ortiga she is a dashing, wide-awake bandit, the hope of the peasantry and the terror of those in power. Being a member of the governor's household she obtains all information regarding the intentions of her father and Cabraza and is able to forestall their every move. Their big scheme is to unload upon an American, Hugh Winthrop, mines and convict labor. But he is captured by La Ortiga, taken to the hills, and told he must stop the cruelty administered upon the convicts working the mines. Hugh makes his escape and reports to the governor where he meets Senorita Catalina and recognizes her as La Ortiga. He keeps her secret and eventually co-operates with her in the ultimate arrest of her father and Cabraza.

And if you were an American and met a girl like that and went through the experiences with her which these two do, what do you think would happen? You'd fall in love with her, wouldn't you? Sure thing. Well, there you are. That is just what happens to Hugh. By the way, Robert Ellis gives a splendid performance as Hugh Winthrop.

"Lady Robinhood" is the sort of picture that makes one want to put on some false whiskers or a mask and go out and round up the cruel landlord, the profiteer and the rest of them and give them what is coming to them.

See it! That's good advice.



☞ Marion Harlan, as the O. Henry girl, and her father in "Shoes," the first of the series.

## O'HENRY AND MISS URNER

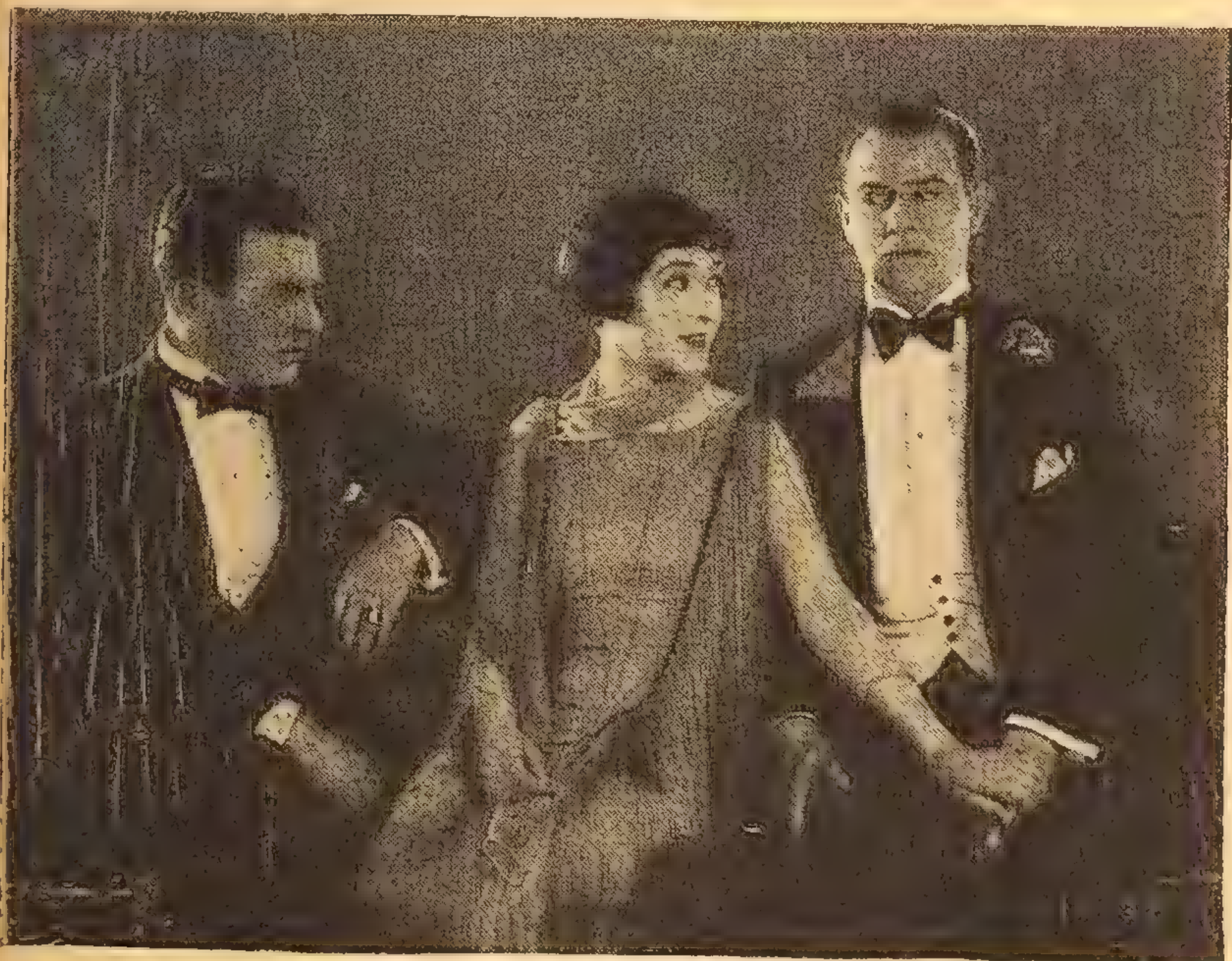
OF especial interest are the two new series of short films now being preserved in the canning factory of the industrious Bre'r Fox. O. Henry's famous stories are being converted into celluloid for fall and winter consumption; and the doings of that curiously boneheaded couple, Helen and Warren, about whom Miss Mabel Herbert Uner unrestrainedly if unconstrainedly writes, are being preserved to a posterity as yet too unconscious to protest.

The first of the O. Henry series is "Shoes," faithfully and really cleverly adapted from that story dealing with the efforts of a modern business man to sell footwear in a remote South American country where the natives like to rest their feet in unadulterated dust. When ruin stares him in the face, the U. S. Consul sprinkles a few pounds of cockleburrs around and—well, you know the story. It is done in an interesting way and provides real entertainment. If the rest of the series is handled as well, the admirers of O. Henry's art needn't fear the butchery which is all too often the lot of famous authors' stories.

With regard to Helen and her husband, I find myself in the position of those who can either take it or leave it alone. In written form, the characters annoyed me exceedingly, for never was there on land or sea such an uncouth lout as the egotistical Warren or such a spineless ninny as his feather-brained wife. But in their transposition to the screen, something seems to have happened to them. Helen, while still a sap, has become rather appealing, while Warren seems to be more sinned against than sinning. While it seems sort of sacrilegious to compare this series to



☞ A Lady Robinhood with plenty of dash and fire—that's Evelyn Brent.



☞ Tom Moore, Florence Vidor, and Ford Sterling give finished performances in "The Trouble with Wives."



the human and delightful pictures made by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, still the appeal is much the same, and those who aren't too particular about the verities in movie productions will find them interesting and fairly amusing.

## KENTUCKY

### PRIDE

THIS hoss race story is different. It's so different that it stands out as one of the most interesting dramas of the year, which is going some for a hoss story. It was written by Dorothy Yost, and I lift my Panama to her.

A Kentucky thoroughbred tells the yarn, and it's all from the horse's viewpoint. Unlike most of these tales, in this one the horse doesn't win the big race. She falls, in fact, and is out of racing for the rest of her days. Her mean-minded mistress orders her to be shot, but the big-hearted stableman sneaks her out the side door, so to speak, and she is later mated with a famous racer. Her master meantime has sunk into poverty, and the story tells how the mare's filly finally wins back his fortune.

Of course, you can't get away from the more or less usual plot in an affair of this kind, but the action of the humans in "Kentucky Pride" is entirely subsidiary to that of the nags, being dragged in merely to provide the necessary motive. You grow to love this horse, to sympathize with her and to yearn with her for the success of her filly. It's much the same idea that was so successfully used in "Black Beauty," and Miss Yost has done a clever stroke in seizing upon it.

J. Farrell MacDonald, as the stableman, is tremendous. His work, while not so boisterous as in "The Iron Horse," is more finished and decidedly more artistically perfect. Henry Walthall, Gertrude Astor, Winston Miller and other good players help out—but Director John Ford has kept it firmly in mind that the hosses are the real stars,

with the result that he has accomplished the seemingly impossible: he has made a really thrilling, tingling, absorbingly interesting picture about one of the most hackneyed subjects on the movie calendar.

If this picture doesn't please the fans from Bath to Beer City and points west, I'll miss my guess by a Norwegian mile.

## THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES

THESE optimistic opticians are always delighted when they can rest on such a delightful comedy as this Paramount effort. Those who prefer their drama raw will probably leave the theatre in a cold sweat of disappointment, but those who are more acutely Attuned to the Infinite will find "The Trouble with Wives" a matter for joyous contemplation.

It has been a long time since I have seen such finished acting and clever directing as are on exhibition in this picture. Ford Sterling puts real meaning into the word pantomime, especially in a scene in which he describes the past life of the hero, Tom Moore, to his inquisitive bride, Florence Vidor. It's a long scene, without subtitles, but what he is telling is made as plain as the nose on your face—perhaps, just to be diplomatic, I should say plainer. If anybody asks for my vote for the best performance of the year to date, Ford Sterling's gets it.

There isn't a great deal to the story—not any more than there is in the early days of any young married couple

before they understand each other. But the situations are logical, the humor is delicate and unforced, and the motives behind the action are human and understandable. Miss Vidor is 99 94/100ths per cent perfect in her characterization of the young wife, and Tom, while a little uncertain at times, blunders into trouble with considerable aptitude.



© J. Farrell MacDonald and the kids in "Kentucky Pride," an exciting horse-race story.



© Helen and Warren, those prize dumb-bells, played by Kathryn Perry and Hallan Cooley.



# The DORIS KENYON

## *Balbriggan Frock*

To be well dressed, you simply must have a balbriggan frock in your fall wardrobe. We doubt if you will find a more attractive model than the one Doris Kenyon wears here. It's a jaunty creation for the slim miss yet equally as smart for the full figure as it has lines that slenderize. Notice the novel collar, the smart kick pleat and the decorative use of self-covered buttons. The material is rich, lustrous, all-wool silvertone balbriggan. This frock would retail in most shops for at least twelve dollars yet through arrangement made with Modern Priscilla you can have an exact duplicate of Miss Kenyon's frock for only \$6.85 postpaid.

The material is sent to you with the outlining lines stamped on the material. You simply cut apart and stitch together, and your frock is ready to wear.

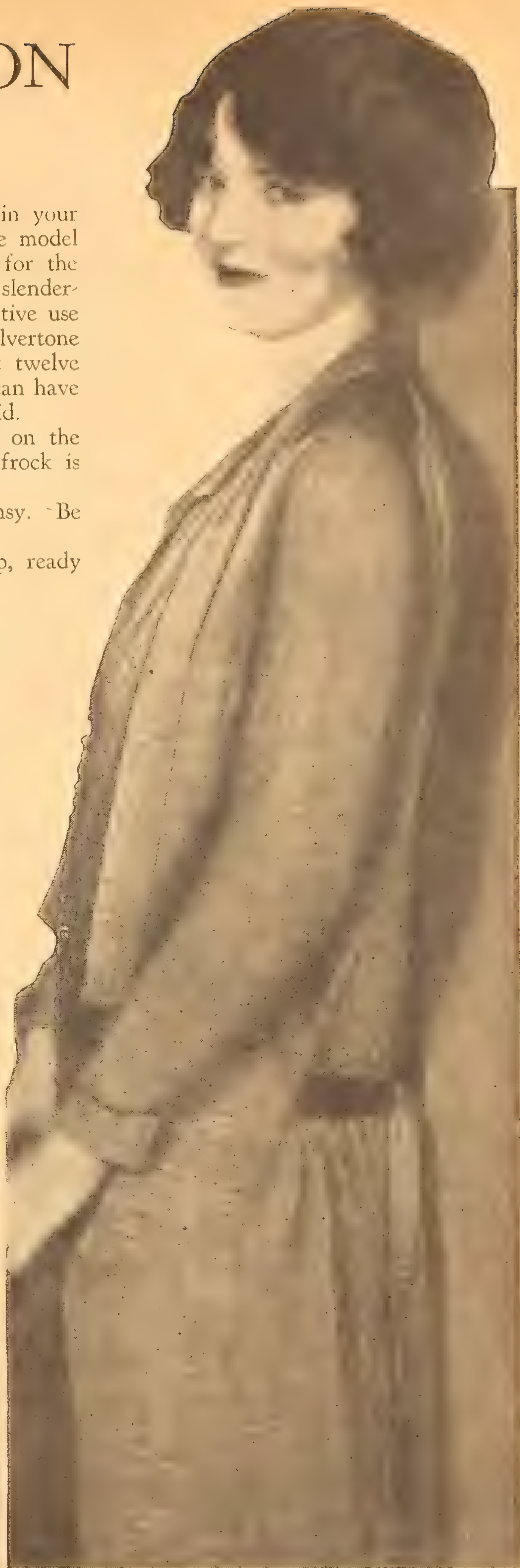
Choice of these pretty shades: Green, Rose, Heather and Pansy. Be sure to state size and color wanted.

We can supply the Doris Kenyon Balbriggan Frock, made up, ready to wear, if you prefer, at a special price of \$9.85 postpaid.

Screenland Shopping Service, 236 West 55th Street, New York City, will be glad to buy for you this attractive frock. Send check or money-order.



Ⓐ Balbriggan sport dresses are decidedly "in." This chic frock worn by Miss Kenyon is made of all-wool silvertone balbriggan, has a kick-out pleat in the front, a novel color and self-covered buttons.



Ⓑ Long sleeves are becoming more and more popular for sports wear, especially for milady who goes in for dainty evening frocks and sleeveless afternoon dresses.



¶ The feature films that are soon to be released are briefly summarized in the advance pictures to be found in this monthly department of "Pre-Showings."

## THE GOLDEN PRINCESS

¶ A romance of California in the roaring days of '49 with a little girl of the gold camp as the heroine.



¶ Little Betty Kent arrives at Poverty Gulch with nothing more than her ravishing beauty and a sleepy burro.

Directed by Clarence Badger

BETTY KENT . . . . .	Betty Bronson
TENNESSEE HUNTER . . . . .	Neil Hamilton
TOM ROMAINE . . . . .	Rockcliffe Fellowes
KATE KENT . . . . .	Phyllis Haver
PADRE . . . . .	Joseph Dowling
GEWILLIKER HAY . . . . .	Edgar Kennedy
BILL KENT . . . . .	George Irving
INDIAN SQUAW . . . . .	Norma Wills



¶ Betty came to look for her father — and found love.



¶ Tennessee Hunter, after hearing her story, recognizes her as the baby he brought to the Mission years ago.



¶ *The theatre in New York is the editorial room of the movies. The public is the editor, blue penciling some plays and O. Kaying a few for Hollywood.*

Kaye, and "An Old Fashioned Girl," written and sung by Edith Meiser, are awfully good, too.

A burlesque of "The Guardsman," "Sh-Sh!" a pantomime by Louis Sorin and Sam Jaffe, and the performance of Romney Brent, Philip Loeb and Sterling Holloway as "The Three Musketeers" are also guaranteed to make it a pleasant evening for you. Besides Hildegard Halliday gives a funny impersonation of Ruth Draper, June Cochrane and Betty Starbuck present their lovely selves, and Eleanor Shaler does some fast dancing.

P. S. — We liked "Mr. and Mrs.," too.

## "JUNE DAYS"

¶ It was Lowell who first pointed out that there was nothing so rare as "June Days," which opened at the Astor during the first week in August. Just why it is called "June Days," except maybe that it was August, is one of those things we could never quite figure out, like problems in spherical trigonometry.

"June Days" is popularly supposed to be a musical version of Alice Duer Miller's Satevepost story, "The Charm School," which was afterwards made into a play by Mrs. Miller and Robert Milton. Also, there was a screen version of it, titled, strangely enough, "The Charm School," made by Famous Players and starring the lamented Wally Reid.

The Shuberts, however, after buying the musical comedy rights, exercised their right to change the title to "June Days." Then they decided to change the story, too. The new story is, briefly, that Elizabeth Hines is in the cast, and so is Jay C. Flippen, the latter disguised as Al Jolson. Aided by a pretty fair group of dancers, the lovers are reconciled just before the grand finale. This, as can be seen by the naked eye, shows a marked difference from Mrs. Miller's version.

Off-hand, that sounds as though your reviewer didn't have such a swell time. But the contrary is the case. It seems that your reviewer is what is known as a sucker for blondes. Miss Hines, by a strange coincidence, is fair-haired. And your reviewer, as he likes to call himself, just sat there and watched her and wondered what her telephone number could possibly be.

So, if you like blondes, see "June Days." And it would not be fair to close without mentioning one other important fact about the show. It is the only play ever witnessed by your correspondent here or abroad—and he has never been abroad—in which "Deuteronomy" is used as a music cue.

## "IT ALL DEPENDS"

¶ IT ALL DEPENDS" is the work of Kate McLaurin, who did "Whispering Wires," and the movie rights should be worth more than the play rights. Maybe even more than the play itself.

—a story about the younger generation, which, it



ETHEL SHUTTA BLOCKS BROADWAY

¶ It is ten o'clock in the evening. Mad Broadway is seething. The "early movie shows" are over and the night clubs are waking, the theatres are rounding the corner of the second act and settling down for the big moment—it is the hour of work for Broadway—ten o'clock. And then the paralyzing whistle of a motor cop, the double red lights in the traffic signals, screeching brakes, and suddenly jostling crowds on every corner. The defiant wild thrilling shriek of the motorcycle rider comes nearer, and all Broadway waits. Down the famous street past theatre after theatre comes the mounted cop leading the way through the jammed taxis and street cars, and close behind at fifty miles an hour shoots the limousine with the mysterious occupant.

"Who is that—Who is it—Who is she?"

You will never know if you are on the outside, but if you are of the Broadway elect you yell—"Go it, Ethel—Atta girl. That's the stuff."

It is Ethel Shutta, and she nightly receives the affectionate loving salute of Broadway because she is "There with the exhibits, boys." Miss Shutta plays in "Louis the 14th" at Columbus Circle, but as Mr. Ziegfeld refuses to have any show better than the "Follies" Ethel has to appear at the New Amsterdam Theatre at Forty-second Street as well, and Broadway makes way for a girl that can carry two Ziegfeld shows.

It is the hardest parboiled street in the world to you, but to one of its own it has a heart like a Brontosaurus Dinosaur.

is Miss McLaurin's contention, smokes and drinks and makes love. Now the funny thing is that we had noticed this ourself from time to time, but hated to bring the matter up, fearing that we would be set down as an old fossil. And with middle age—thirty—looming up before us, we are naturally getting a little sensitive about ourself.

But Miss McLaurin, with the superb courage of the fair sex, has gone and written a play about it. It seems that Shirley Lane—and very well played, too, by Katherine Alexander—is in love with a married, stout and moustached gentleman of forty, and vice versa. Now we could understand—for we have read a great deal and therefore know Life—why the vice versa, but the versa vice bothered us. Just what there was about the afore-said gentleman that made Shirley willing to Give Up All for him, we couldn't figure

(Continued on page 70)





Q Fred Niblo, the maker of "Ben Hur," gossips with Rudolph Valentino. They are the masters of their different fields: Big Productions vs. Personality Films.

## From Hollywood

By Bert Kay

DEAR BOSS:

I have discovered a great secret, to wit, vid., i. e., the meaning of the word "hot" as it is employed in the movies. This simple little monosyllable now has as many different interpretations

as one of Pola Negri's love looks, signifying anything from "marvelous" to something for which one could be arrested.

The use of the word "hot," by members of the celluloid circus, has been baffling to many outside that charmed circle. For instance the other day I was watching naughty Nita Naldi doing some vamping on a weekly basis for Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. After Nita was done another innocent bystander turned to me and said:

"Oh Boy! She's hot!"

I blinked and looked again at Nita. She seemed as cool as a letter from one's tailor agent that suit which was bought but not paid for. And, what is more, her costume seemed to bear that assumption out.

At the same time, in the Metro Goldwyn Mayer compound, a set orchestra played "Swanee Butterfly" for Sallie O'Neil as an obligato to her emotions with so much con expression that she soared to untold heights. When the scene was ended she walked over to the musicians and said:

"Oh Boys! That's hot!"

Next, in a projection room at the Lasky lot, I heard Eddie Sutherland exclaim, as he was viewing some of the rushes from "The Big Parade," in which he is directing Raymond Griffith:



Q Margaret Morris and several extra girls, all of whom have won beauty contests. They are in "The Best People."





Pat O'Malley stands  
pat with three of a  
kind and a queen.  
Mrs. Pat herself in  
person.

"Oh Boy! He's hot!"

And finally down at the beach I heard Eddie Cline, Mack Sennett's laugh canner, chortle as he gazed approvingly upon the bathing girls:

"Oh Boy! They're hot!"

In regard to the last three specifications one might safely infer that nothing was farther from the truth. In the first place Sallie is so adolescent her emotions are merely at the simmering stage. In the second instance Raymond Griffith employs a technique which one might well designate as frappé. And Cline, in attributing heat to the Sennett bathing girls, is absolutely perverting the truth, for how could they be sultry when their costumes consist of salesmen's samples, a bit of broken glass, a bead or so, and a feather? If the camera was not on them so consistently the poor dears might catch cold.

I pondered heatedly for some explanation as to the hot wave which has seemingly engulfed Hollywood with little success until a friend of mine sent me down to El Centro on a location hunt. He is planning to make a picture of the "winning of the west" type depicting how the hardy pioneers wrested the desert from the Indians and sand fleas and made it blossom like a rose by the mere expedient of turning a little water on it. Of course there will be a little dash of the love stuff in it, some of that "winning of Barbara Worth" stuff which has made Harold Bell Wright a bloated bond-holder and coupon-clipper.

Now El Centro is in California, at the lower end of the Infernal, I mean Imperial, valley as well as being 52 38/100ths feet below sea level and 118 degrees in the shade on a cool day. If it were a little lower and a little hotter the resi-

dents would not have to pay Uncle Sam any water taxes. Old Nick would get them. If Dante had not been a wop I believe he must have been here to get the literary inspiration which was capitalized last winter by William Fox.

Fox surely got his inspiration for the costumes here in El Centro, which, being translated into Spanish means "cinder." For in order to be comfortable while running the typewriter, one must dispense with everything in the way of apparel except one's glasses and a Panama hat.

Needless to say I am going to recommend a change of locale to something on the order of "Nanook of the North." The hero, instead of winning wealth by wresting it from the desert in



Pauline Starke  
mixes the "Charles-  
ton" with a little bit  
of Broadway.



"Mother and Child." Lincoln Stedman serenading Myrtle under the impression that she is another flapper. Well, it is hard to tell.





«Peggy Joyce — the countess, you know — is making a picture under Marshall Neilan.

the face of death, can garner his shekels in the ice business. It would be impossible to make a picture here, for how could the leads emote efficiently in a climate so hot that when a hound dog chases a jack rabbit they both walk? Then too the directors would change the script all around so they could spend most of their time over in Mexicali where the beer has the same per cent that the loan sharks get in New York.

But I feel the trip has been worth while because as I stated in the first paragraph (which see), I have discovered the meaning of the word



«Michael Schleisser trained this skunk for a part in "The Knockout." His is not the title rôle.

"hot" as employed in the movies. Anything which knocks you completely off your feet and leaves you gasping for breath and clamoring for ice water, a pith helmet and a palm leaf fan is "hot". And that goes for Nita Naldi, Sallie O'Neil and the Sennett submarine sub-debs,



«Dolores and Helene Costello. Dolores is the leading lady for John Barrymore, and that means that the daughter of Maurice is running true to form.

but not for Raymond Griffith and "Swanee Butterfly."

THERE'S a mangy old tiger skin over in the dingy property shop in Mack Sennett's ramshackle studio which is awaiting a new mama. Madeline Hurlock has been the chatelaine of the passionate pelt for lo these many years but she, like Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Louise Fazenda, and others, has graduated into "drayma" from the historic comedy lot. Madeline's contract with Sennett expires early next year but she has been loaned or rented to Lasky for the sole feminine rôle in Conrad's "Lord Jim" on which production has now begun.

Madeline Hurlock is an unusual girl and should go far in the vamping business. A girl with a back like hers could do little else but come to the front. She hates



to be called a vamp, desiring a title somewhat more recherché, but that word is one of honor among the cinema sirens although they claim to dislike the sound of it.

She has every qualification for stardom. She is convent bred and was married at seventeen. She has been single for several years.

—o—

Ben Turpin has made two notable purchases recently. One is a marvelous Beverly Hills home. Now that Ben has become a resident of that exclusive residential district, the roster of the mighty in the movies living there is almost complete. Ben's new home boasts of ten rooms and, he avers, nineteen baths. Hence one can see it is but a simple little cottage entirely suited to Ben's simple tastes. His other purchase is a \$10,000 mausoleum in the Forest Lawn cemetery.

I was surprised to learn that Ben had fallen prey to this, the latest departure of the real estate agents for which our dear Southland is so

truly famous. The new line of endeavor for them grew out of their despair. They have had all the live ones during life for so long that they simply can not tolerate the thought that a prospect can elude them by the simple process of dying.

Since Forest Lawn is a Protestant cemetery and Ben is a Catholic, he had to resort to some strategy to guarantee his occupancy of his postmortem palace but, it is said, he was able to have the ground and the mausoleum, standing upon it, consecrated. I was surprised to hear of Ben's flair for things funereal. It has always been my



Ⓒ Dolores Steelman, whose dad runs the Lasky ranch rides, ropes and raises the dust generally.

conjecture that a mausoleum to him meant that stuff one utilizes in covering the kitchen floor.

—o—

As well as being screamingly funny on the screen Ben Turpin is just as much of a clown in real life.

Recently he was over at Catalina, the beautiful Isle of Wrigley forty miles from Hollywood, where one vacations at ten dollars a day and up, including boat fare and a peek at the submarine gardens. While there Ben was guilty of what he terms a "black hand plot." Thus:

The flappers at Catalina and the Southland beaches this season have been wearing what they term "beach" pants, a queer psychological quirk as a matter of fact, since pantalets have not been a part of the modern girl's wardrobe for quite some time. But now, at the beach, after a dip in the surf, the flappers wriggle their devious ways and also their legs into white sailor jeans, the ones that are very tight across here and very much like a blunderbuss elsewhere.

Well, when Ben was at Catalina he did not even have to cross his eyes to be recognized by the flappers beach-combing the beach in their beach pants which are ideal for beach combing. They fairly mobbed him in lionizing him and Ben wanted to prove to one in particular that he was a great man.

So he inveigled her up to the hotel verandah. Then he excused himself and snuck into the kitchen where he smirched his good right hand generously with stove polish.

Returning to the verandah he greeted the flapper in somewhat this manner:

"Allons enfant! Voulez-vous a faire une promenade avec moi!"

Then he slapped her roundly with his good right hand right where she had been sitting. But the flapper thought



Ⓒ Lorna Duveen and the lucky bear cubs who joined Milton Sills' troupe on location.





☞ A new tenant in the Beverly Hills—Rudolph Valentino purchased this lovely Italian villa up on a hill-top which commands a view for miles. After the landscaping is finished, the eleven acres around it will be used for riding ring, tennis court, swimming pool and aeroplane landing.



☞ Gloria Swanson and her famous designer, Rene Hubert from Paris, talk over the costumes for her new production, "Stage Struck"

little of that, for motion picture heroes have always popularly been supposed to have a way with them, a sort of bravado, a devil-may-carelessness.

Ben and his flapper next sauntered along the beach amid a great deal of craning of necks. Every person they met stopped to stare and stammer before relapsing into chuckles.

The flapper was in ecstasy. She gazed at Ben in adoration but she was not inarticulate:

"Gee! You're a great guy! Everybody is rubbering at you!"

But Ben took his honors modestly.

"It is nothing, my child," said he. "But I am sorry to be causing you all this unwelcome notoriety."

The next day he saw his flapper friend again. She eyed him coldly and reproached him roundly:

"Say you! The next time I take a walk with you for Pete's sake take the trouble to wash your hands. My mother just gave me the dickens when I got home last night because I had a big black hand print on the seat of my pants."

—O—

Mack Sennett's bachelor paradise is being invaded. In the first place two girls have places on the scenario staff. In the second place Mack has constructed a marvelous fifteen-mile bridal path through his Griffith park estate and thrown it open to the public. Those in the know insist that this adjective should be spelled "bridal" and whisper something about a wealthy and charming Pasadena widow.



☞ Bebe Daniels arrived in Hollywood from New York just in time to take part in the parade of the opening of "greater movie season" and was greeted rousinglly all along the line of march.



☞ Blanche Sweet as Milla Hanson in her latest picture, "Dangerous Currents"



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One of the new fancy sweaters \$7.50



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Silver plated cocktail shaker holding one and a half quarts \$6.50  
A sterling silver corkscrew . \$4.50

*Q Laura LaPlante in the throes of Christmas "gives until it hurts."*

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# They Say

By Marion of  
Hollywood



☞ Kathleen Key can hardly hear her master's voice because of the pleading and coaxing of the ocean.

YOU know, this month I promised to tell the secret of a girl—the secret that's burning in my soul to tell. But I can't, I simply can't! I am still sworn to secrecy, even though I know a whole lot more about it now than I did then. Yessir, I even know the date and the time of day, but I'm not even permit-



☞ Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky, his new leading woman for "The Lone Eagle."

ted to give you a hint. I can't say if she's blonde or brunette; I can't hint at any picture she's been in lately; and I can't think of saying what studio she works at. I promised faithfully. But next month—oh, next month I may be able to coax or scare or plead her into letting me tell about it. She's so pretty and sweet, and my soul is aching to let the cat out of the bag. However, I may add that I am not referring to Marion Nixon and Joe Benjamin!

I'm trying to find out the trouble on the Fox lot ("lot" in Hollywood means "studio"). They're getting things all twisted around over there. Lou Tellegen, hero, has turned into Lou Telle-gen, villain, and Walter McGrail, villain, has wiggled around into Walter McGrail, hero. Looks kind of suspicious to me, but I'm going to stick around just the same. Some day the "atmosphere" after my name might somehow or other squirm around into "star." Funnier things than that happen in Hollywood!

NOBODY can say that Ann Pennington didn't try to be a cow-girl—I'll vouch for that. And of course some day she may be, but just now it reads about seven-eighths—in fact, all but the boots. Ann has the hat, the shirt, the skirt and the spurs, but the shoes—aye, there's the rub. As Nora O'Shea would say, "It's a compliment that I'm thinking it is to you," because Ann's feet are so tiny that all the boots in Hollywood and Los Angeles are too big to fit her little foot. Boots aren't made that small except by special request, and Ann has to wait until the boot-maker can make her some real "westerns."

☞ Irene Rich has struck pay dirt at Warner's. But this is Irene in her garden.





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☞ Madge Bellamy in "Thunder Mountain" knows that working at washing makes a girl pretty.



☞ Ben Lyon and "The Pace That Thrills" make-up.

I WAS talking to little Johnny Fox, Jr., the other day and he begged me, as a special favor, to write something about him and tell all the folks from whom he gets letters the real truth about him. Johnny cannot get away from "The Covered Wagon"; he can't get away from being "You know, the kid who chews tobacco in 'The Covered Wagon'." He keeps getting mail about it. Worried mothers write and ask him please to stop it because it's so bad for his system. Little boys write and ask him the exact method—the preferred way—of shooting it straight! And Johnny wants to say right here that he doesn't chew; his mother won't even let him even if he wanted to, and he can't imagine why people don't change even a little bit and think that perhaps he might be a smoker of big, fat cigars, like in "The Lady." Anyway, please take my word for it that Johnny's a very nice boy, and although I have in mind another little girl on whom I know he's sweeter than on me, please don't blame him for that chewing episode in his career.



☞ Colleen Moore feeds the pigeons in London while filming "We Moderns."

"THIS is KNX, the voice of Warner Baxter, Hollywood, California, and I will now introduce to you a little girl full of Love, who will entertain you with her ukulele and Love-ly voice. Friends of Radioland, meet Miss Bessie Love."

Thus was it spoken last Saturday night, Warner Baxter night at "KNX", and a minute later Bessie Love proved to all radioland that she's the most human little bit of Love in the world! She got all set with her little "uke," and she got half-way through her little song, and right in the middle, even as you and I, little Bessie dropped her little "uke," lowered her little Love-ly voice, and murmured: "Oh, golly, I forget the words." And says Warner: "Okay. Start it all over again." And Bessie did. But the little warm feeling that Bessie gave to us in that one minute of Radioland could almost be called "Soul Fire." As the girl next-door said, "It was just the cutest thing!"

LAST week, when the mercury went so high it almost "bust," and it seemed that each second came hotter than the next, I happened to be working on "C.B.'s" "The Road to Yesterday" set. Suddenly Jetta Goudal called a "prop" boy over to her. He left the set,

(Continued on page 76)



# The Man Who is Astounding America!

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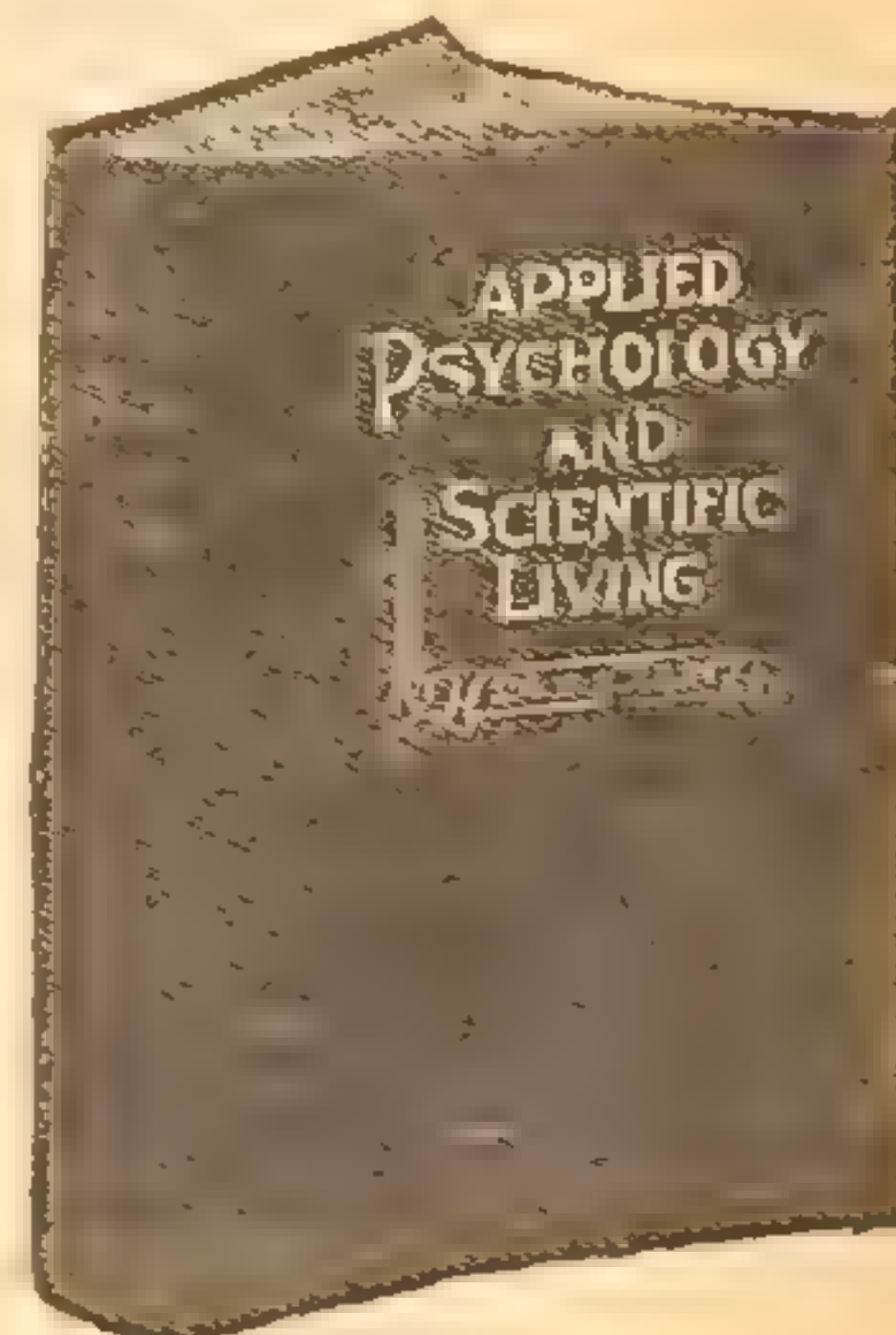
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## The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 59)

out. Unless, maybe, it was the moustache. Now, you know we've always wondered how we would look in a moustache.

At any rate, Shirley, in spite of her mother's protests, goes right ahead until her father apparently falls for a flapper friend of hers. And then Shirley, realizing how her poor, dear mother will be wounded, begins to see the error of her ways. At the end of the show, she is apparently beginning to like the patient Bruce Armstrong, who is unmoustached. (On second thoughts, we will get along without the moustache.)

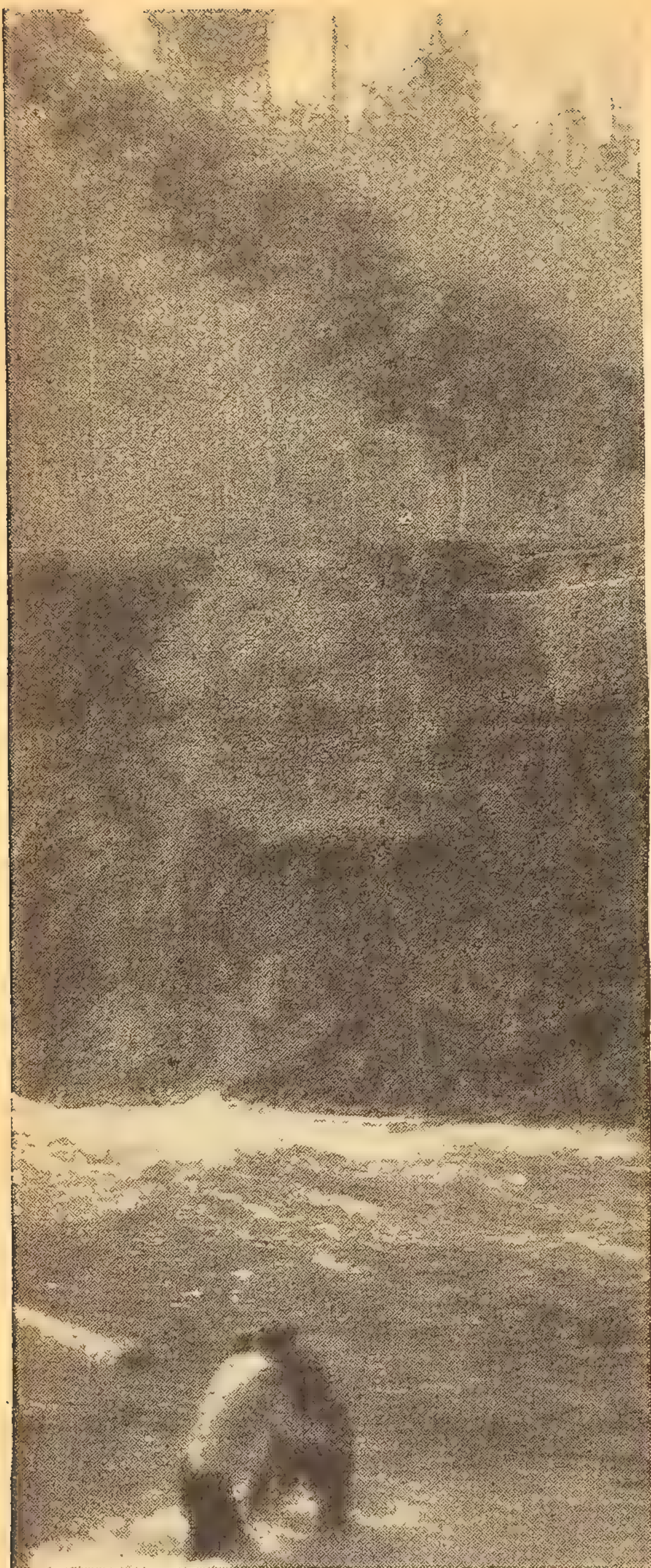
Well, that, in a nutshell, is the story. Norman Trevor is in the cast, so the women folk may like it. Trevor is pretty good, as always, but we had a vision of the Trevor who played with Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella." Meanwhile, if we just had to see a show, see "They Knew What They Wanted."

### "A LUCKY BREAK"

SIMPLE and unpretentious is "A Lucky Break." It endeavors to solve no weighty problems, and that warmed us toward it and let us enjoy it perhaps a lot more than it deserved. It is written by Zelda Sears, who has done some fair theatrical things, and the audience seemed to enjoy it.

It's the story of a multimillionaire whom everybody is pestering for favors. He pretends to go broke and finds the whole world warming up to him and glad to help him out. Not exactly a new plot, as you can see.

George MacFarlane, well-known in vaudeville, plays the leading rôle and sings several songs, all of which the audience seemed to enjoy, though it must be confessed that he took too many encores to suit us.



Ⓒ Milton Sills pulls a real he-man fight in "The Knock-Out." This is mild compared with what comes later on.



Ⓒ June Marlowe heads the cast in support of the dog wonder Rin-Tin-Tin in "The Clash of Wolves."

## The Parties of Picture People—Continued from page 30

of others were present.

Priscilla Dean, of course, had her two aviators with her—life just isn't worth living to Priscilla without an aviator or two around.

"An aviator a day keeps dull care away," commented Patsy, "and," she went on, "her motto seems to be, 'Bigger and better aviators!' Know who those two men are?"

John and I confessed ignorance.

"Why, they are the world flyers, Lieuts. Smith and Arnold!"

Priscilla wasn't a bit stingy with her aviators, either—brought them over and introduced them to us, and we had a very interesting chat with them.

Mae Murray and Robert Leonard were both there, but at separate tables. However, they are great friends, and Bobby moved his ginger ale bottle over to Mae's table before the evening was over. I hear that since Mae came home from Paris and found Bobby so nice and thin, she is almost sorry she divorced him! You see she objected to his being fat.

"I asked Mae the other day if she were going to marry Bobby all over again," said Patsy, "and she answered, 'Honestly, I don't know!'"

Alice Calhoun is blooming these days. She was there with Carlo Schipa, brother of the famous tenor, Tito Schipa. Carlo is quite mad about Alice. He met her up at the Hollywood Bowl, the outdoor concert place, when she was planting a palm on Tree Planting Day, and fell so in love with her, clad as she was in a pink gingham dress and wide straw hat, that they say he hasn't been able to think of anybody else since.

Young Doug Fairbanks and Betty Bronson were present, too. Young Doug wears Betty's slave bracelet. He was very ingenuous about showing the "B."

"Oh," he said, "I didn't mean to show that side of the tag!"

He told us he is going to have to grow a moustache for his next picture.

"Can you?" Patsy demanded impudently.

"Sure I can!" said Doug. "Why, I grew one a couple of weeks ago, but nobody noticed it so I shaved it off!"

Just then we caught a glimpse of Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier dancing. They had been having a little tiff earlier in the evening—but now Buster was kissing Constance's blond hair as they danced!

"Who are that couple?" asked Patsy, pointing to a pair that had been dancing together all evening.

"Pauline Garon and Ben Lyon," I said. "They are becoming awfully interested in each other, I think."

"Oh, and over there at the corner table is Pauline's Spaniard, who followed her all the way from Monte Carlo," declared Patsy. "He's just looking at them like a meat-axe!"

Anita Stewart came in with that awfully handsome millionaire admirer of hers from San Francisco. We noticed him, as a matter of fact, first.

"Who is he?" demanded Patsy quite breathlessly.

"Yes," exclaimed Priscilla Dean, "who is that handsome heart-breaker?"

Then we noticed Anita for the first time. "Why, he's with Anita Stewart!" remarked Pat.

Anita came over to our table and when we told her she was playing second fiddle she laughed at the joke on herself.

"You know very well I simply won't have anything but a Mr. Anita Stewart!" she said.

Suddenly the wedding march sounded.



# How a "Crazy Invention" Ended My Baldness

Sixty days ago they called me "Baldy." Now they're amazed at my new growth of hair

**G**EORGE, don't be foolish. You ought to know there's no help for baldness. You're just throwing your money away."

"But listen, Bill—"

"Nothing doing. You can't convince me that anything will grow hair on that bald head of yours. And especially that crazy invention! Take my advice and hang on to your money."

That was how my friend, Bill Jenkins, felt. I had been telling him about a new treatment for baldness I wanted to take. He just wouldn't listen to me. He was all against it. And in a way I didn't blame him. For I certainly had wasted an awful lot of money on other treatments with no results. I had tried countless tonics and salves. I had tried singeing and massages. I tried crude oil and even mange cures. But every new thing I tried actually seemed to make my hair thinner.

Still, this new treatment was entirely different from anything I had ever tried. Other methods treated only the surface skin. This one consisted of a new invention which provided, for the first time, a method of getting right down to the *dormant roots* and nourishing them. The results it was bringing seemed really astonishing. Men who had been partially bald for years, who had long ago given up hope, were getting brand-new growths of hair in surprisingly short times. Women, too, were using it with equally remarkable results.

But the best part of it all, as I later learned, was this—I *didn't risk a penny* in taking the treatment. The discoverer of this new method—Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—absolutely guaranteed an entirely new growth of hair in 30 days, or the trial would cost me nothing!

## Read This!

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in. I preach your system to everyone."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—Tom Carson, Ohio.  
(Original of above letters on file in the Institutes.)



*At the theatre I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me*

I just couldn't resist such an unusual offer. I had nothing to lose, and perhaps a lot to gain. So I sent for the treatment.

## The Biggest Surprise of My Life

When I first saw this invention I laughed out loud. My friend Bill had called it a "crazy invention." It almost looked the part. But that didn't keep me from trying it.

The first two or three days, nothing happened. True, my scalp felt very much invigorated. And I didn't see anywhere near the amount of hair on my brush that I used to. Then, a few days later,

I looked in the mirror. What I saw almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head!

Every day I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair.

## Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think

of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair. This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured through personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day!

## New Hair in 30 Days or No Cost

Merke very frankly admits that this treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days, or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if he fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether you pay or not.

To be bald is certainly a real misfortune. In my own case, it was more than embarrassing. Most of my well-meaning friends called me "Baldy." At the office they were always "kidding" me. And at the ball game or theatre, I always felt the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me. I never felt comfortable. So when I saw Merke's offer of new hair in 30 days or no cost I determined to give it a trial, anyway.

And without a doubt in the world, I will always consider the day I sent for the Merke treatment one of the luckiest days of my life.

## Coupon Brings You Full Details

I was once skeptical. And I suppose you are, too. But no matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how thin it is—no matter how little hair you have left—I certainly advise you to at least learn more about this treatment.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is the title of a vitally interesting 34 page book describing the treatment. It will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 6710, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## GET THIS BOOK

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.  
Dept. 6710, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book describing the Merke system.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



and we all looked toward the place where the spotlight was resting. That is, it was resting as much as anything can rest where Viola Dana is. And that march was being played for Viola and Lefty Flynn, who had been married just that morning. A waiter brought in some rice, and Patsy Ruth Miller impulsively tossed her shoe at them. But Lefty gallantly retrieved the shoe and gave it back to Pat, because really you see it belonged to Pat's best gold pair.

Charlie Chaplin came in for a few minutes, but didn't stay long, as he was tired, he said. He had just come home from a trip to San Diego. He told a joke on himself.

He had speeded all the way through the trip, going down—sat next his doctor in the machine, driving himself, and telling the doctor if a cop tried to pinch him for speeding to say that he was sick. They drove all the way to San Diego that way, Charlie admitting he had hoped to get a little thrill out of the cops. But nothing happened.

"Then on the way home," he said, "when I was driving twenty and a half miles, instead of twenty, and hadn't my doctor with me, I was fined for speeding!"

Rudolph Valentino was there, but not Mrs. Valentino.

"Mrs. Valentino asked me to get Rudy a girl for the party, as she couldn't go herself," Patsy explained.

"My goodness, that sounds reckless!" I commented.

"Oh, well," said Patsy, "she told me just who to get!"

A funny thing happened to Harold Lloyd. Harold hardly looks like himself at all, you might say—I mean like his celluloid double.

A visitor with one of the big parties told Harold—the visitor hadn't caught Harold's name when he was introduced, "You look a little like Harold Lloyd. I suppose that in a minute you will be telling me that you are he!"

Poor Harold blushed, but recovered himself before anybody else did.

"Oh," he laughed, "I often do!"

**T**HE most easily informal and popular with-the-stars cafe is the Montmartre in Hollywood. The management permits no introductions nor notes to be sent to the stars. But how the tourists do foregather and gaze, to be sure!

One night I saw Charlie Chaplin come in. He was tired and harassed from his work on *The Gold Rush*. Suddenly he disappeared from view. In a moment or two, while we were wondering what in the earth had happened to him, he came up from beneath a table about five yards away. He had scrambled under all those tables to prevent being stared at!

A lot of charming outdoor parties are given at private homes and at the Beach Club at Santa Monica. This Beach Club has a portion of the beach roped off for its use, and many leading social lights as well as many picture stars go down there to play.

You won't see any fancy bathing suits there. The picture stars leave the fancy stuff to the extra girls in the bathing girls' parades. Nearly all the actresses are fine swimmers, and they wear the one-piece bathing suits.

There is a hand-ball court on the beach here, too, and here Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost and Viola Dana all play a good game of handball. Lefty Flynn, Lionel



Marie Prevost as a lady porch-climber in "The Easiest Road."

Belmore, Jack Holt, Tom Mix, Harry Carey, Ricardo Cortez, Rudolph Valentino and others are crack players.

There is a little concrete swimming pool on the beach for the children, and here Jack Holt directs the water sports of the little ones. Irene Rich has a summer cottage next door to the Beach Club, and her two tall, sunbrowned daughters are both amateur champion swimmers.

Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Kathleen Key, Ann Cornwall, Ena Gregory, and others of the younger set give nice little dancing parties at the Beach Club house, which is an unpretentious looking frame structure, but fitted up comfortably with wide verandahs—one of them serves as a dining room in summer time—with wide dancing halls, big showers and dressing rooms, and a large lounging room.

Last time I was down at the Club, Miss Rich's eldest daughter pulled another little girl out of the surf. The child had been taken with a cramp while swimming.

**P**ARTIES at their homes are really the chief delight of the picture stars, however, despite the patronage given to the cafes and clubs. Most of the stars have beautiful homes with wide grounds, and garden parties are all the rage this summer.

Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch and Mrs. Clarence Brown, directors' wives, give the most charming garden parties at their Beverly Hills homes; and there one meets all the choice spirits in filmland. Not that these parties are in the least stiff or formal, and if you want to be frivolous you are at liberty to be so. Ernst Lubitsch takes a boyish joy in playing jazz on the piano and in telling funny stories in his broken English.

Charlie Ray and his wife give pleasant swimming parties in their garden swimming pool at their Beverly Hills home. Gloria Swanson entertains at tea almost every day when she isn't working.

Anita Stewart gives such pleasing parties at her beautiful Hollywood home! This is a wide, rambling concrete house, surrounded by gardens, lawns and orchards. Anita stepped out into her own orchard to gather the fruit for our fruit punch one summer night not long ago. She is entertaining Marie Callahan of "Kid Boots" fame at this time. George Stewart is supposed to be engaged to Marie, though neither will admit it. Anita has a lovely voice, and charms her guests with her singing and piano playing.

Rarely do Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks go out at night, but they entertain a good deal at their Beverly Hills home, and still more at the studio bungalow. Here many famous people meet at the luncheon hour. The last time I was there, the Duchess of Sutherland and Burton Holmes were guests. Doug and Mary toss the ball of light talk back and forth, and it is great fun to hear them.

"I'm going to play an extra in Doug's picture," Mary declared. "I'm going to put on a mask in the ballroom scene and pinch Doug's arm in the crowd. If he pinches back—well, you can imagine what he'll get when he comes home at night!"

Other guests dropped in—members of English nobility, too. Luncheon was just finished. It was then that Mary demanded, with a sidelong comical little glance at me, that the waiter remove the onions! Wouldn't that be a hit in a picture?

Holmes has a wonderful collection of ivory Buddhas at his flat in New York, and was telling us about them.

"I'll bet you bought some of them at Woolworth's!" kidded Doug.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did get one of my best ones there!" Holmes laughingly admitted.

The Duchess of Sutherland is staying with Douglas and Mary while she writes a book about the motion picture people, and what a sweet, brilliant, charming lady she is!

"But of course when it comes to appearance, according to tradition Elinor Glyn is the real movie duchess!" grinned Patsy.

Speaking of the nobility, Vicky Mix, Tom Mix's wife, told a funny thing that happened to Tom in London.

"A certain English lord was entertaining us at luncheon one day at his home," explained Vicky. "Tom had to leave early to visit some of the soldiers' hospitals. He had been the guest of honor, and as he arose to leave naturally everybody was looking at him. He made his apologies and farewells, prepared to exit, opened a door—and stepped right into the butler's pantry!"

**B**ESS MEREDYTH and Agnes Christine Johnston, scenario writers, give wonderful parties, entertaining many stars at their homes.

Miss Johnston lives in a picturesque old English house in Santa Monica. Out there one evening at dinner were King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman—who are to be married soon, I believe—Norma Shearer and a number of other guests. After dinner we played charades, with the writer in the party naturally doing much better with the words and the actors naturally doing much better with the acting. Frank Dazey, playwright, is Miss Johnston's husband, and a jovial host he is, with a line of humor that keeps you wondering how he ever happened to write such a tragic play as *Peter Weston*.

Out at Bess Meredyth's one night I listened to Mabel Normand play the piano. I had known that Mabel could play, but not like that. She is going about quite a lot



# Now Your Skin Need Never Grow Old

*How Modern Science Working on The Secret Formula of the Great Beauties of Spain Has Discovered a Way To Retain Youth In the Corneum.\**

\*(The Outermost Layer of Skin)

NOW you may have *and keep* an entirely new complexion—a complexion radiant with the fresh coloring of youth—smooth and firm as a child's—and free from the slightest trace of blemish.

You need no longer fear the passing years or the ageing effects of sun, wind, dirt and emotions on your complexion.

## How?

The explanation is simple.

A square inch of your skin under a microscope looks like a fine silken sieve. It contains hundreds of tiny grooves and well-like pits. These pits are pores, the lungs of your skin.

If your lungs become clogged, you die from lack of oxygen. If your pores become clogged, your skin dies.

Every pore of your skin is naturally brimming with oil. The dust and dirt of our civilized life is trapped and held by this sticky fluid. It collects in the pores and clogs them. Then your skin cannot breathe. The glands of the skin become paralyzed without oxygen, and the tiny muscles and tissues underneath, which support the skin, become slack. As result your skin *grows old*.

## Scientists Agree That Oil Will Not Remove Oil

To acquire and keep a clear, smooth, radiant complexion, the pores must be kept constantly clean. Oils or creams, no matter how well compounded, will not penetrate the pores, will not dissolve or remove the oily, clogged mass in each tiny well. In fact, if the pores are already clean, creams will merely furnish the bait to catch more dust and enlarge them.

## Soap and Water Not Enough

Every woman knows that soap and water alone will not remove this oil with its destructive cargo of dirt and germs. Washing merely clears the *surface* of the skin—the lurking elements which bring on old age are lodged within the pores. Left to their vicious work they will undermine skin health, stop natural skin breathing and shut out the necessary oxygen which the tissues and glands underneath must have.

## Cleansing of Any Kind Is Not Enough

Cleaning is the first essential of skin youth and skin health. But more than that is needed to keep your skin from growing older. There must also be some means of *naturally* stimulating the *glands* of the skin and there must be a means of building (and keeping built up) the tissues *underneath* the skin.

I have had Almaviva made up for myself privately for several years. I have treasured the formula as a great beauty secret known to only a few of the most beautiful women in Spain. It does, in truth, accomplish miracles and is unquestionably the best cleansing and beautifying lotion in the world. But I will even go further and say that Almaviva is indispensable in the toilet of any woman who wishes to look young and beautiful. (Signed)

*Elisa Cansino*

(World Famous Spanish Dancer and Beauty who has appeared at the Trianon Palace in Madrid, the Coliseum in London; also in this country in The Greenwich Village Follies, the Winter Garden, Keith's Palace and the Orpheum Circuit.)

Otherwise, those tiny cracks and crevices in the corneum (the outermost layer of the skin) will soon sag into lines.

Women have always wanted and needed a preparation that would accomplish all of these things at the same time, simply and easily. A single, simple, drugless preparation that would

1. Cleanse the skin and remove all foreign matter from the pores.
2. Stimulate the skin glands.
3. Strengthen the tiny skin muscles.
4. Build up the underlying tissues.

## Science Experimented

Science tried out hundreds of preparations. medicated soaps, creams and muds. They found that soap only cleansed the surface of the skin, and that if soap alone was constantly used the skin would become roughened—that acne and other disorders would appear. They found that creams, while perhaps furnishing some nutriment to the skin, cause dirt to collect in the pores and clog them. They found that while muds clean the pores they dry up the skin glands, that their astringent qualities cause tiny blood vessels to break on the surface and that they have a tendency to close the pores completely. None of these filled the bill. Finally travellers brought back tales of a mysterious beauty secret possessed by a few great Spanish beauties *which was mixed with actual cow's milk*. Science investigated, compounded and the result was—

## ALMAVIVA (Soul of Youth)

*The Secret Formula of the Beauties of Spain* Almaviva is made up of microscopic sponge-like particles—in solution. Each particle is approximately the size of a skin pore. And each contains the essential elements necessary to build up the underlying skin tissues and to feed your *hungry* skin glands.



When this drugless solution is mixed with actual cow's milk in a glass or in the palm of the hand, it forms a smooth, delicate, milky-white liquid. This you rub over your entire face—enabling the liquid to lodge in every pore until its sponge-like qualities absorb all grease and foreign matter and it has given up the precious food elements of the milk to nourish the tissues and stimulate the glands. No rubbing in or rubbing off is necessary. It is completely absorbed within fifteen minutes.

And the results are immediately noticeable.

All blackheads will be removed, there will be a slight natural rose flush in your cheeks and the skin will be left in its natural state. It will be neither dry nor drawn as with a mud, nor slightly greasy as with a cream. The pores are cleansed, the glands are stimulated and the tissues strengthened and properly fed.

## Free Trial

For the present a special trial offer will be made. In order to introduce this new scientific treatment (heretofore a secret Spanish formula) a large container of Almaviva intended to sell retail for \$3.00 will be sent to you without a penny in advance. When the package arrives, merely deposit with the postman the small sum of \$1.95 plus a few cents postage.

## Absolute Guarantee

If, after giving this treatment a *thirty-day trial*, your skin health has not been definitely improved—if lost youth has not been brought back and all ageing processes stopped, your money will be returned to you in full without question. Your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

## Send No Money

Send no money now. Simply mail the coupon below. But do this today because this special low price offer may never be made again. Before you turn this page, tear off the coupon and mail it.

VILAR BROS., Importers, Dept. 2147  
156 W. 14th Street,  
New York City, N. Y.

Please send me in accordance with your Free Trial Offer one large \$3.00 size container of Almaviva. I will pay the postman the special introductory price of only \$1.95 plus postage. If I wish I may send back the package within 30 days and have my money refunded in full.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

(If you prefer send \$1.95 with coupon and save postage—you are protected by the guarantee)



# DARING YOUNG MEN!

## Needed in Aviation!

Do you love adventure? Do you want to make big money? Although aviation is still in its infancy there is a crying demand for men with courage, nerve, and self-reliance—ambitious men who are looking for a new field. For those who qualify there will be thousands of highly paid jobs.

### Amazing Opportunity in the Airplane Industry

Yes, as yet, aviation is in its infancy, but now is the time to get in. In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up.

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Prepare Now for One of  
These Positions

**Aeronautical Instructor**  
\$60 to \$150 per week  
**Aeronautical Engineer**  
\$100 to \$300 per week  
**Aeronautical Contractor**  
Enormous profits  
**Aeroplane Repairman**  
\$60 to \$75 per week  
**Aeroplane Mechanician**  
\$40 to \$60 per week  
**Aeroplane Inspector**  
\$50 to \$75 per week  
**Aeroplane Salesman**  
\$5000 per year and up  
**Aeroplane Assembler**  
\$40 to \$65 per week  
**Aeroplane Builder**  
\$75 to \$200 per week

Think how much aviation has progressed in the last few years. Commercial air lines have already proved themselves successful both in Europe and America. Great men predict that in the near future there will be air-freight lines—organizations as large as our railroads are today. AVIATION IS NEW. It clamors for every young man.

### Be an Aviation Expert— \$50 to \$100 a week

The study of aviation is as fascinating as the actual work. Only one hour of spare time a day at home and we teach you the basic training. You will find every lesson packed full of interest. Student S. F. McNaughton, Chicago, says, "Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading the student gets a thorough understanding." Men who have had actual experience guide you carefully through your training. They select the lessons, lectures, blueprints, and bulletins. Once you start you can't get enough of it. Here are some real jobs. Which one do you want? Aeronautical Instructor, Aeronautical Engineer, Aeronautical Contractor, Aeroplane Salesman, Aeroplane Repairman, Aeroplane Mechanician, Aeroplane Inspector, Aeroplane Assembler, Aeroplane Builder.

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now, and everybody is wishing her luck on the stage, which is to be her next venture.

Charlie Chaplin was there, too, and kept a bunch of guests amused with his magic feats. Kathleen Key came in with her Spanish bullfighter admirer, Paul Ellis. Of course he isn't a bull-fighter now, but he was formerly. He is in pictures at present.

"I couldn't keep on with the profession of bull-fighting," he explained. "It is too cruel."

"So now," Patsy remarked, "you're working with it."

Harry Carey invited Patsy and me out to his ranch to a big barbecue party the other day. Harry just positively revives the old Spanish hospitality, and you could imagine, away off there in that big lonely valley—which Harry seems to own almost entirely—and with those Navajo Indians about who work for him, that you were back in the days of the Spanish dons. Not even, as Patsy justly said, could little 'Dobe Carey, Harry's four-year-old son, who has fiery red hair, spoil the illusion. There is a ranch house, with a great living room running clear through it to an open fireplace, and with wide verandahs running across the whole front of the house, fitted out with big chairs and rustic swings. This



This business of being a movie star is not so easy. Patsy Ruth Miller risking her neck with the aid of Monte Blue in "Red Hot Tires."

flanks a wide lawn, and beyond the lawn is a big dance platform furnished with a piano, while away down the road is a large swimming pool.

The two Carey children have Navajo squaw nurses, and the little girl speaks more Navajo than she does English. Little Adobe goes swimming with the Navajos, but they refuse to swim with anybody else among the white folks.

Everybody at the party was turned loose to ride horseback or swim in the big swimming pool, or to dance on the big outdoor platform to the music of a colored jazz band, or, in between jazz pieces, to the music of the piano played by some guest. That piano must be acclimated, for it wears only a rubber coat in rainy weather.

One charm of the party was that all the generations that could possibly be alive were represented at that party. There were grandmas and little children and all the in-betweens.

One slight accident marred the day. We were all sitting on the verandah with the children playing on the lawn, when we heard a scream. A belated Fourth of July fire-cracker had exploded in a little girl's hand and set her clothing afire. Harry Carey became a quick-thinking hero at that moment. Down he dashed, tearing his coat off as he went, and wrapped the child in it, instantly smothering the flames. Only one of her little hands was slightly burned.

Lionel Barrymore came along for a few minutes, but he had an ulcerated tooth, and explained he had merely come those seventy miles to let Harry know that he couldn't come to the party! We offered him everything in the world for his toothache, but he wanted just to be alone with it. Even Ann Cornwall's smile and Trilby Clark's profile didn't seem to do him any good.

Robert Edeson was there with his new wife. She is a South American, pretty, and very sweet. We supposed that maybe she couldn't speak a word of English, but it turned out that she could, and she said that she didn't care a thing for a career—she just adored her home. Which must be a rest to dear Bob, who has been tossed about on the matrimonial sea until one wonders how he ever had any courage left to sail another bark.

Kathleen Key arrived with one of her Italian admirers, but went off horseback riding with him, returning at a wild, reckless gallop.

She tried to fake a runaway, I think, but Harry Carey kidded her, and she admitted that she hadn't been a bit afraid.

The Navajo Indians danced for us,—a weird medicine dance, calculated, as Patsy declared, either to kill or cure. If you were well enough to get up and go away from there, you certainly would; and if you couldn't, why there was the sweetness of oblivion for you anyway.

Dinner was served on long benches from a chuck wagon, with Windy River Bill Smith, the famous cowboy cook, presiding over the feast as chief. I used to meet Windy River Bill over on the Tom Mix ranch, and long years have made him about the best cook in the world. A hundred chickens had been cooked for the dinner, with other things corresponding. Later on during the festivities, Bill put on a fresh collar and joined the party to dance with the guests! He is nearly as good a dancer as he is cook, too.

After dinner, when we came back to the house, I found Doris Anderson, who writes scenarios, blooming out in an evening dress. I asked her where she got it, and she said that Mrs. Carey had given it to her. Mrs. Carey came around just then with an offer of evening dresses for all the girls who cared to don them.

Isn't that just the last word in the book on "How To Be A Hostess?"

When we left, the moonlight was flooding the valley, with the quiet, brooding hills and their mysterious, restful shadows sending forth a sort of serene blessing to us humans.

"Let's go in swimming!" Peter B. Kyne was calling to Ann Cornwall,—it was eleven o'clock then,—and Mrs. Carey produced bathing suits from somewhere, which a dozen guests went into the bedrooms to don. We saw them coming forth and heard their gay voices as they sallied to the swimming pool.

"It seems almost as though Mrs. Carey is so generous a hostess that some good fairy has endowed her with magic powers for providing for her guests!" exclaimed Patsy. "Just imagine all those bathing suits in this cow country!"



# How I Was Shamed into Popularity!



For some reason I could never get out of the wall-flower class. But one night I had a bitter experience that changed everything. Here's what happened.

By James Preston

YOU know, I once thought nerve alone was enough to get one by anywhere. That is, I thought so till I met Olive. You never in your life saw two people take to each other the way we did. It was sheer joy to both of us just to be together. She liked me a lot and made no secret of it, and—well, I'll admit I tumbled pretty hard myself. If only that dance party hadn't come along.

But dances are what parties are made for. I sat out two or three fox-trots watching Olive spin around in the arms of other men. How easily and gracefully they glided along! And there I was, sitting back and letting these other fellows monopolize the prettiest girl on the floor. I felt like—well, you can imagine how I felt! I decided right there to take a turn with her myself.

## Just a Poor Boob

The fact that I didn't know how to dance well didn't mean anything to me—then. It looked easy enough, and I thought I could get by. So at the very first notes of the orchestra for the next dance, I swallowed whatever fear I felt, and taking a hold that must have been screamingly funny if it hadn't been so pathetic—I started what I thought was dancing.

Wherever did I get my nerve? And where did that girl ever get her wonderful patience? I must have stumbled twenty times—and then in the middle of the dance she winced with pain and stopped to rub her toes.

"Jack," she said—her voice tried hard to be friendly—"Jack, let's not finish this dance. I'm too tired anyway," she added, struggling with herself to be nice to me.

I guess I turned a million colors. Just then I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. It was quite a while before I saw Olive again.

But that night I sat up and turned that terrible experience over and over in my mind. And suddenly it dawned upon me why I was so rarely able to make a date with the girls of my social set. With equal suddenness it occurred to me that there was a remedy—a quick, simple remedy that I had read about time and again, yet never heeded.

## A Free Booklet That Started Something

The very next morning I mailed a magazine coupon to Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor, asking him for his booklet, "A Short Cut to Popularity," and the test lesson all entirely free. Here was an easy, inexpensive way to find out whether I could learn to dance, and learn in a few evenings.

A 32-page booklet and the free test lesson came at once. The booklet explained to me how easy it is to become a good dancer—that dancing is as easy as walking, once you know how—and how quickly anyone can master the art.

It showed me how, right in my own room, without music or partner, and with no one to watch me, I could learn to do all the latest steps in a remarkably short time. It explained how the ability to dance well gives poise and self-confidence in the presence of strangers—how it helps to overcome timidity and awkwardness—how it enlarges one's circle of friends—makes one welcome at every affair—and brings many hours of joyous fun and good times.

## What I Learned in Just a Few Moments

There was a lot more, of course. That booklet was a revelation to me. But the free test lesson—well, what it did for me amazes me yet when I stop to think of it. I tried the steps as explained and diagrammed in the lesson and found that the hardest dance step took me only a few minutes to learn. Was I tickled? I was ready to cheer! All I wanted then was another chance to get on a dance floor. I could just imagine how surprised my friends would be—for I knew that now I could show them a thing or two.



They were—and the girls are only too glad to accept when I ask for a dance now. I haven't known a lonesome evening since I mailed the coupon.

Whether you've had an experience like mine or not, take a tip from one who knows, and avoid the possibility of embarrassment. You can do it—anyone can do it—this easy, pleasure-giving way.

Do as I did. Get the free book and test lesson and read them carefully. They can mean the difference between a life of happiness, of friends, of good times—or a life of misery, loneliness and monotony. Mail the coupon at once and enclose only 25 cents to cover postage and mailing. Don't delay it. Do it now. Address: Arthur Murray, Studio 511, 801 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Arthur Murray, Studio 511,  
801 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Without obligating me in any way, please send me your Test Lesson and a copy of your beautifully illustrated 32-page book, both free, which tells all about Arthur Murray's remarkable course in dancing and explains how it can make me a graceful, versatile dancer, right in my own home, without music, partner or private teacher. I enclose 25 cents to cover postage and mailing.

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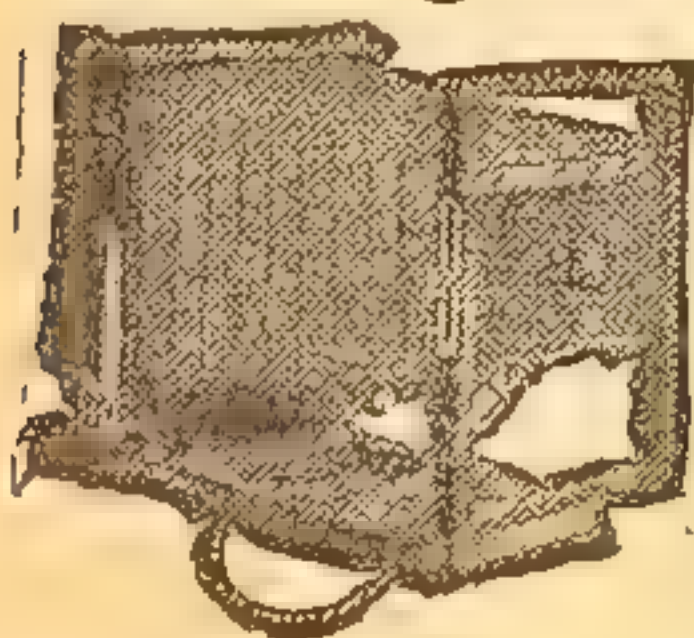
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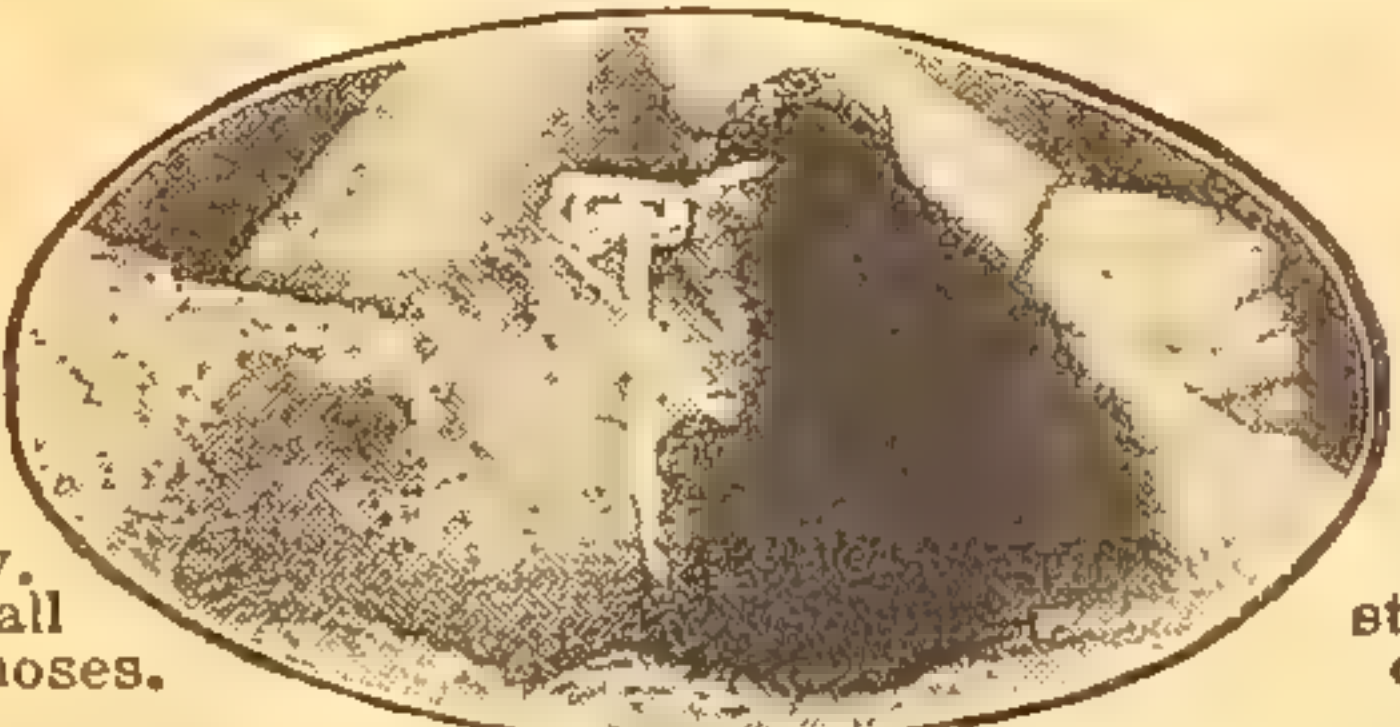
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1656 BROADWAY NEW YORK

## They Say

(Continued from page 68)

and in a few moments returned with a cup of steaming water. He handed it to Jetta, and without a word the steaming cup of water was consumed, and Jetta, smiling, insisted that she was the only one in the whole company who really had solved the problem of keeping cool. So Jetta insisted that some of us try it. However, after watching the second patient through an agonizing minute or two, the rest of us decided we didn't mind the heat at all!

I hope the men, particularly, read this next; it may help them the way it helped me! I met my good friend Rod La Rocque the other morning, and as usual noticed something new about him. He had the cuffs of his shirt sleeves unbuttoned and turned up over his coat-sleeve about an inch and a half. I suppose I kept staring and gazing at him so much that he at last vouchsafed some information.

"Say, Marion," he said, "that's perfectly okay. Don't you know that this is the very latest thing in 'What the Men Will Wear'? It's called 'The Wales' Latest', and it's the most sensible thing that's happened in a long time. Now I can wear some of my shirts which have been waiting to have the sleeves shortened."

Pretty nice, isn't it? And it really does look well, too.

Whatever is going to happen in Hollywood fifteen years hence is beyond me! There aren't going to be any escorts, and the only one held to account is Old Man Stork, Incorporated. Oh, he comes around, all right, but he's unloading all the girls in the world on the Hollywood moving picture families, and everybody knows that you've got to have heroes just the same as heroines. All of which means that there are two new baby girls in Hollywood—little Miss de Haven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven, and little Miss Vivian Reed, daughter of Jane Novak Reed and her director husband, William Reed. Who'll write to the Never-Never Land and tell the boss there that Hollywood needs some baby boys?

"Oh, no, he doesn't look a bit like his father." How many times has that been announced about Doug Fairbanks, Jr.? And what do YOU think about it? I thought the same until I saw him the other day with the little moustache he wears in his new Henry King picture, "Stella Dallas." It's just like his father's and makes him a regular chip off the old block. Growing your first "whiskers" must be a grand and glorious feeling!

## The Eighteen Great Adventures

(Continued from page 27)

with any type but all of them are mighty attractive young people.

Although most of the time has been spent within the spacious confines of the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Astoria, Long Island, or about New York City, the eighteen boys and girls, paradoxical to relate, have lived through twelve centuries and all over Europe and the Orient in one month! That is to say, they have worn the costumes of all countries and all ages back to medieval times.

A large room, with a stage, has been set aside at the studio for the students. There all the classes are held, and there the students have been suffering the heartache or satisfaction, as the case may be, of witnessing their histrionic efforts on the screen.

On the opening day of class, Mr. Terriss undertook to rid the boys and girls of their self-consciousness. This is a natural trait among civilized people. Even well known actors will admit that they are frightened just before the curtain ascends on a new play. And so it was with our eighteen adventurers toward film fame. They were scared to death, collectively and individually.

"Miss Kenvin, please get up on the stage," said Mr. Terriss suddenly.

Miss Kenvin did, feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

"Recite something for us," directed the principal.

The girl hesitated. It was plainly a dreadful ordeal.

"Well, sing your favorite song," Mr. Terriss urged, kindly.

Miss Kenvin was patriotic. She began to sing "America." The venture was not a great success. The young woman looked down into the faces of her colleagues. None were smiling or laughing. All looked sympathetic. Each was wondering, no doubt, who the next victim would be. They applauded Miss Kenvin. She broke into a natural smile. Her ordeal was ended. And her self-consciousness was banished.

To the remaining seventeen pupils it seemed a long time until Terriss spoke again.

"Miss Dunn, please get up on the stage and entertain us," he said.

With trepidation, she walked on the platform. Her companions smiled encouragement. She sang a popular song. The ice was broken for her.

Each of the students had to repeat the performance.

Mr. Terriss gently but firmly pointed out to each his faults in walking on or off the stage, in gesture and posture while singing or reciting.

The next thing that the young folks learned was to act pictorially. This is an important phase of screen technique that only a movie actor can appreciate. The students spent a whole day in going over and over a simple scene in which two men call on a girl, sit down and have a talk with her.

Nothing very complicated about that, is there? No doubt every attractive young man and woman of the early twenties has gone through the routine at least a hundred times in real life.

But you see in real life we're pretty clumsy about the way we do things. When three people meet, they usually bunch together, get into awkward positions when they are arranging chairs, get behind one another, and in general do many little things, which, while perfectly natural, would make even the most unsophisticated fan groan if they were done that way in the movies. In other words, our everyday actions aren't what is termed in screen parlance as "pictorial."

And when these boys and girls who may be the popular heroes and heroines of the silversheet in the next few years attempted to do these commonplace little acts of sitting down gracefully and bowing casually, they found that it wasn't as easy as it looks. Just to enter a room, for instance, in a perfectly easy manner, without too



# "At our price, white man, she is yours!"

*Still alive, before us on the altar stood the woman we had spent so many perilous months seeking. But what was she doing here among these jungle savages, carrying in her arms their holiest idol? What chance had we to save her, three white men among these hordes of angry blacks!*

To enter the sanctuary would be to violate their holiest laws; to touch the hem of her skirt would mean instant destruction.

Suddenly . . . a strangled cry and Ragnall sprang toward her. But with a fierce gesture the Arab thrust himself before the altar and set the price of this woman's freedom.

As he made his bargain I gasped with horror, for what he demanded was dearer than gold.

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much swinging of arms, is a trick in itself. And after the first man has shaken hands with the girl, nothing is more natural than that he should step into the background while the second man comes forward. That is, nothing is more natural, except in the movies, for there the first suitor would be completely out of the picture, and the grouping, or, as the camera-wise express it, "the composition," would be all wrong.

Take the little matter of chairs. You can't imagine how hard a chair is to handle "pictorially" until you try it in front of a penetrating camera. It bumps the back of your legs and throws you into awkward positions before you get into it. And when you sit down, there are a dozen ways of placing yourself in a chair. Only one of them is the right way in the movies.

The eighteen students worked all day on these problems, and with a truly invincible spirit bred by their mutual earnestness and ambition they won out.

Next day the pupils were privileged to glimpse such noted exponents of the photodramatic art as Carol Dempster, Harrison Ford and James Kirkwood conduct themselves under similar circumstances with the great D. W. Griffith directing them in a scene of his forthcoming production, "That Royle Girl." Probability is that never before were these actors watched with such painstaking scrutiny.

The students the next day took their first lesson in horsemanship. Since riding is fast becoming a lost pastime in America, most of the pretty maids and handsome swain not only had to be shown how to mount their steeds, but also had to be shown what to do once they were atop the horses. The lesson in equestrianism was held on the bridle paths of New York's famous Central Park where a weekly lesson will be given during the entire course.

Well, there were eighteen weary and sore youngsters who returned to their respective headquarters in the Allerton House for girls and the Allerton House for men, that evening. Now, although there is no prospect of rodeo promoters seeking their services, still they are all fairly good riders and by the time they get their diplomas from Mr. Lasky they will be qualified to impersonate pony express riders.

Outside of costume movies, can you recall, offhand, many in which a motor car does not figure? That's right. The students spent some days learning to drive through the traffic congested streets of New York City. The driving of a car was no dark mystery to some of them, but they quickly learned that there is a difference between speeding along small town thoroughfares and going through the bustling streets of the metropolis, with pedestrians, traffic-officers and swarming motorists seemingly in a conspiracy to confuse one.

"Smile, please," is a part of the literature of photography. All that a man needs to straighten his tie, set his hat at a new angle and act totally unlike himself is for somebody to point a camera at him. With girls, the case is a little different. All they do is begin poking their fingers into their hair, dab powder on their noses, a little color on the cheeks and hold mirrors before their noses.

Students of the Paramount School were no exception during the first week. They smiled. Then they smiled some more, and the cameramen tried vainly to be patient and charitable.

But at length the boys and girls topped the hurdle of posing naturally before the lens and now they are almost as camera wise as Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Betty Bronson or any of the other favorites of the cinema.



Carmelita Geraghty, who accompanied Virginia Valli on her trip to Europe.

After these preliminary essentials of a screen career had been mastered, Mr. Terriss and his aides introduced their charges to the beautiful, but oh, so hot, costumes of bygone days. Gone but never to be forgotten by them, vow the students, as they reflect how they suffered those blistering days in August with a full thirty pounds of satin and broadcloth weighing them down.

Grace and stateliness, gallantry and courtesy, plus the closest observation and vivid imagination, are required of the man or woman who would wear the splendid trappings of from three to ten centuries ago. Under the direction of Hal Clarendon the students were given lessons not only in the wearing of ancient, medieval and renaissance costumes, but in the manners that accompanied the clothes. Mr. Clarendon, assisted by Morgia Lytton, danced a minuet before the camera. Then the class danced the minuet and were photographed. These films were then shown to the pupils to illustrate by comparison, what mistakes they had made.

Visiting the classroom one day I found the gallant gentlemen and stately ladies of long ago arrayed in rows before the stage on which stood a man in grey business suit. He was George Currie, who is instructor of pantomime and body control for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"Weight on the right side," he said, illustrating the pose he wished them to take. "Now the other side." They shifted. "Lean forward." The gallant figures in silks, satins and velvets, doublets, hose and plumed caps swayed forward.

"On your toes!"

All rose on their toes.

"No, Mr. Goss, you mustn't lose your balance. Miss Harris, do it more easily. Don't make such work of it. All right. Down on your heels. Bend the knees."

All stooped, and with the gray-clad man in the same position, remained so until it seemed the strained muscles could not stand it longer.

Under such painstaking instruction all the girls soon wore their gorgeous gowns as if used to them. The boys were not so much at ease. Male legs, as a rule, are not things of beauty, and the long hose and trunks seem to accentuate their bad points.

In addition to this, the students were given lessons in swimming, fencing, gymnastics and etiquette. In next month's issue of SCREENLAND we will describe these courses for our readers.



# Famous Marcelling Cap

## Now Offered at New Low Price

*Tremendous volume of sales makes further reduction possible on remarkable Curling Outfit, which marcells your hair at home in 15 minutes*



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, which comes with every outfit, you stretch the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair.



Then with the fingers, or an orange stick, puff out the hair in little "waves" and let it dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



In 15 minutes your hair is dry, you remove the Cap—and there is the loveliest marcel you ever saw!

Nothing succeeds like success! Rarely in the history of American business has any invention received such instant and hearty approval as the McGowan Marcelling Cap, recently granted a Patent by the United States Government. From the very first announcement orders have come pouring in and pouring in, until now this marvelous marcelling outfit is in the hands of more than 40,000 women—40,000 satisfied users, who are doing more to "boost" our sales than all the advertising we could possibly run!

In our first advertising we told the women of the nation we were going to set a price that would mean ruin for us unless we could quickly get a big volume of business. Instead of pricing this unique invention at \$5 to \$10, as many advised us to, we went to the other extreme and offered the entire outfit (including a \$1.87 bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid) at \$3.27—(\$2.87 plus average of 40c postage). This was little more than enough to cover the cost of making, advertising and selling, but we felt that by selling at the closest possible margin of profit, we could quickly get the volume of sales we needed to operate most economically.

We knew the Marcelling Cap was something every girl and woman wanted. We expected a quick response from the women of the nation. But optimistic as we were, even we did not anticipate such an overwhelming flood of orders. Our judgment was vindicated. Soon our facilities were overtaxed so we could hardly keep up with orders. But now we have just completed arrangements which will practically double our capacity—and we're going after the next 40,000!

### You're Invited to Share in the Profits

Now we're going to do an unheard of thing. We've figured that if we can quickly sell 40,000 more of these Marcelling Outfits

—a total of 80,000—we could afford to sell them at a still lower price. But we're not going to wait until the 80,000 are sold to give you the benefit of this quantity production. We're going to give it to you now while orders are still pouring in at the regular price almost as fast as we can fill them. We're going to cut nearly one dollar off the price and distribute this saving of approximately \$40,000 among the next 40,000 girls and women that order!

If you read the newspapers



and magazines regularly, you are more or less familiar with this remarkable hair waving device. You can see at a glance just how it works. There is nothing complicated about it; nothing to get out of order. It is so amazingly simple that you can hardly believe your eyes. But 40,000 girls and women throughout the country are using it with gratifying results. That's the best proof we can offer.

### For Every Type and Style

Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—whatever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new marcelling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of marcel you want in 15 minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as it ordinarily takes to comb long hair.

Think what a saving this will mean. Instead of paying \$1.00 to \$1.50, plus a 25 to 50 cent tip every time you need a marcel, now it will cost you only about one cent! Instead of an hour or two going and coming from the Beauty Parlor, it will take only 15 minutes at home!

But even more important than the saving of time and money is the benefit to your hair. Any specialist will tell you that constant marcelling with artificial heat is most injurious. Shortly after you discard the harsh, artificial method of marcelling and

adopt this safe, natural way, you'll begin to see the difference. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish. You can put the waves in the same place each time and soon you will be able to train your hair and keep it naturally marcelled with very little attention.

The Curling Liquid that goes with the McGowan Hair Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, eradicates dandruff and itching and promotes rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

### Be Among the 40,000 Who Will Profit by This Reduction

The McGowan Marcelling Outfit consists of the Marcelling Cap and a large size bottle of McGowan's Curling Fluid. The Curling Liquid itself has always sold for \$1.87 a bottle and the Cap, if ordered separately, for the same amount—a total of \$3.74. When we offered the combination for \$3.27, we had to do some close figuring, but we did it in order to get a great volume of sales in the shortest possible time. Now we're going the limit and making another reduction to \$2.45 for the entire outfit and this price includes the postage—a price which, as we have said, is based on the anticipation of selling 40,000 more during the next few months.

Frankly, unless we can do so it will be impossible to maintain this price. We may have to change it at any time, so if you've been thinking of ordering one of these Marcelling Outfits, don't lose any time. Remember, we still take all the risk. The same guarantee of *Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back* applies at this reduced price just as it did before.

### Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this reduced price you do not have to pay for your Marcelling Outfit in advance. Just sign and mail the coupon and when the postman brings your new found beauty aid, simply deposit with him \$2.45. Then after trying this outfit for seven days, if you aren't entirely satisfied in every way just return it and we will refund the purchase price in full.

We couldn't afford to make such an offer if we didn't know the McGowan Marcelling Outfit would do everything we say—if we didn't know you will be amazed and delighted if you give it a trial. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you don't find the McGowan Marcelling Outfit the greatest beauty invention you ever used—if it doesn't give you the loveliest marcel you ever saw—if you are not simply delighted in every way with both the Marcelling Cap and the Curling Liquid—then the cost of the trial is on us.

Don't put it off another day. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Tear out the coupon, fill in and mail today. You'll always be glad you did!

### The McGowan Laboratories

710 West Jackson Blvd.,

Chicago

#### COUPON

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Dear Mr. McGowan—Please send me your hair-waving outfit, which includes your recently patented Marcelling Cap and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.45 with the postman upon its delivery. After seven days' trial, if I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit and you are to refund the purchase price in full, without any further obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2.45 with your order and the McGowan Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.





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## The Old Helping Hand

(Continued from page 18)

can't get in without it. In fact, pull isn't always what it may seem. In these days, picture pull may lift its bowed head and face the world once more. It may be subjected to the strictest scrutiny and emerge a good, clean little word.

Come out from your hiding place, Pull, old kid. You're all right. Nobody can get along without you and hope to be somebody someday. And don't let 'em tell you different.

You are, in other words, simply the old helping hand in disguise. The thing to do is to grab you when you come along.

If you're painting a picture of the great, big-hearted film magnate who stops his Minerva on the road to the studio to ask the poor little foot-sore Venus of an extra if he can give her a lift, stop it and be yourself. That scene may have been popular—once. Today, the main road to the studio is so crowded with little extras wending their way to the casting window that the magnate has to run over a dozen every day to get to his office at all. And, like the fabled French aristocrat, he is more concerned over the damage to his horse (power) than he is over the fate of his victims. That some of them are still only too glad to be run down is no business of ours.

Just the same, there has to be a lift somewhere. Somewhere a voice is calling, "Come on, kid—take hold and I'll give you a hand up." It may not be the master's voice—the master producer, or director. It may be the clerk at the casting window who calls her boss's attention to the good-looking photographs of the juvenile who called for a bit the other day. It may be the head electrician who brings his little niece in to look over the studio, paves the way for an introduction to the assistant director, and then lets events take their course. (Note: little nieces should always be pretty.) It may even be the established star who brings her girl friend to the studio, presents her to the director, and urges screen tests. (Note: this doesn't happen very often.) It may be an obliging magazine, with a contest, such as—ahem!—one not a million miles from here, or even inches, which makes it possible for a little girl like Minette Humphreys to put it up to Old Man Camera if she's to be a motion picture wow. Call it something else if you want to—but as far as I'm concerned, I think we owe it to "pull" to help it begin life anew, in a nice way.

How did Lillian and Dorothy Gish get into the movies? Pull. They called on their old friend, Mary Pickford, who was just starting her own career at Griffith's Biograph. Mary held out both hands and welcomed them in. D. W. at the time said banteringly: "Aren't you afraid these girls may be rivals, Mary?" Mary smiled. Look at the three of them now!

Anita Stewart might never have been gracing the screen today if she had not been ushered into a studio by a brother-in-law. Ralph Ince married Anita's sister Lucille. He had a story which required a very young, flower-like girl to play its heroine. Anita answered the description—she was only fifteen.

And there are others. One way or another, it was pull that did it. And now that the lucky ones who had pull, who profited by it, are in a position to use pull themselves for others' benefit—what do they do? Do they pass it along, the way it was passed on to them? That's what I



Meet Tom Tyler, newest Western star, who will make his debut in "Let's Go, Gallagher!"

wanted to know. Well, I found out the answer.

It's "Yes, and No."

I am thinking right now of a star who had a chance, not so long ago, to help another girl on the way up—to use the pull that had been used to put her where she is today. (She's satisfied.) She didn't take it. Her word is law to her director. She noticed the little extra, with the dark eyes and hair, struggling for a foothold in the studio. The director liked the little girl's work and promised to find a part for her. Meanwhile, she doubled for the star, whom she resembled just the least little bit in the world. There came a chance—a very definite chance. There was a part to play in the picture which the little extra would have given her soul to try. It was the chance she had been promised. She asked for it and she was turned down. She doesn't know the reason to this day. All she knows is that she was dismissed, rather suddenly, and for no good reason. I know why. The star stormed and threatened. The extra might double for her in long shots, in hazardous scenes. She might even rehearse for her—just imagine that! But, "If you give that girl a part, I'm leaving. Either she goes, or I do." There was no argument.

There's the famous star who was once a bathing girl. She had her chance, too, to help one of her former beach-mates up the ladder. She, too, let it pass. But the joke's on her now. The other girl found a foothold finally. Somebody else made room for her. The Pacific isn't big enough for both of them to this day.

A certain well-known actor—well, I won't tell you his name, but he's handsome and he wears a moustache and he has wavy black hair and he plays leads for Universal—has a record for extending the protective paw to struggling thespians. Two young men who are far-famed for their fiery portrayals could thank this actor, if they ever thought of it. One of them is so celebrated he hasn't time. The other is apparently too busy revelling in his elaborate wardrobe to remember the time when he had to borrow a pair of pants from his benefactor so he could apply for and "get the job." But the boy isn't discouraged. He's the kind who can't help helping.

But let's be cheerful. Dry your tears and prepare to listen to the other side of the story. Boy, bring on the silver lining.

And whoever is this rosy-cheeked cherub ushering in the new era of hope and help-



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fulness? Can it be—is it? It is! Our own Ben Lyon!

I assume this flippant pose in order to hide my emotion. If I let it get the better of me, I will break down into happy tears. The tale I tell sounds too good to be true. But say you believe it! It just goes to show that motion picture actors are sometimes capable of living up to their own close-ups. Yes, sir—even Ben. And you know how gosh-darn Galahad his close-ups can be.

Some time ago Ben began to receive from New York shops large bills which he never contracted. Upon investigation he discovered he was being impersonated. This had never happened to Ben before—he hasn't been a star so very long, you know. Instead of dismissing it in the usual hard-hearted manner—turning the impostor over to the authorities—Ben decided to talk to him. And he found that the villain was only an adventurous boy, a little younger than himself, from a good western home—in search of excitement. When the boy found a sympathetic listener instead of a judge, he poured out his heart.

Maybe it was the echo of all the heroic rôles he ever played. Maybe it was a sympathy that youth feels for youth. Maybe—and I think we're getting warm—maybe it was because Ben Lyon is just a nice, good-hearted kid that he determined to give the boy a chance. Not by sending him home to his family with advice. But by giving him work in the movies!

Ben said to him, "If you'll do the square thing, I'll get you a job in the picture I'm making. I'm sure you'll send as much of your money as possible home to your mother."

Can you imagine how that boy felt? He had admired Lyon in the first place; he chose to impersonate him because he was the ideal of American youth. And then his hero turns around and acts like one!

In *The Pace That Kills*, Ben's starring vehicle for First National, the boy he helped has a small part. They say he played it for all he was worth. Ben made three people happy.

Marion Davies is a happy-go-lucky girl. She has everything she wants—beauty, youth, wonderful clothes, cars, and jewels. When a girl has all these to occupy her time, she doesn't worry much about anything. But Marion wants every one to be as carefree as she is—if they can. She is willing to do her bit to make them so. When she heard that the first motion picture star, whom she had worshipped on the screen when she was a kid, was stranded in England, without prospects of a job, she smiled and said: "Send for Florence Turner." Miss Turner came back to New York, where once she had been pointed out as a great film star, and found the little girl she had once entertained waiting to help her. Florence Turner is happier now. She has been working her way back to the screen—you may see her in *Never the Twain Shall Meet*.

It is one thing, of course, helping back to fame a former star. It is another to introduce a brand-new twinkler of your own age and beauty into your own studio and even into your own pictures. Bebe Daniels did it. She always believed that Lois Wilson's sister Diana would be great in pictures. So she took charge of Diana's career. First she changed her name to Diana Kane; then she told her what's what about makeup and saw to it that Diana had a part in one of her pictures. Result: you'll see Diana Kane in important rôles before long—thanks to friend Bebe.

Tommy Meighan has the helpful habit. He brought his old friend, Larry Wheat,



Prince Yucca Troubetzky, new leading man, has been loaned by Universal to Pola Negri for her next picture, "Flower of the Nights."



whom he used to pal with on the stage, into his own pictures. Now Larry can stand on his own feet. Remember him in *Old Home Week*? Tom also boosted his nephew, Eddie Sutherland, to a directorship. To prove he was a good sport, Meighan let the untried kid take his first crack at directing with one of his own pictures. Sutherland made good—his uncle had a hunch he would, but he couldn't have been dead certain. You have heard how Uncle Tom's faith has been justified. Sutherland is one of our most promising young directors—his latest assignment is with Ray Griffith, and he boasts a long contract with Paramount.

Dick Barthelmess believes in pull. If his own mother had not been an actress in Nazimova's stage company, Madame Alla might not have sent for Dick when she wanted a personable juvenile to play in her memorable picture, *War Brides*. And Richard, being what he is, also believes that one good pull deserves another. He has always been an ardent rooster for his friend, William Powell. Although very well-known on the stage, Bill Powell is still a struggler in the films. To prove his faith in Bill, Dick made him good parts in his own pictures. The latest is *The Beautiful City*, in which Bill villains to Dick's heroics. Aah—you exclaim. Easy enough! Barthelmess knows there's no danger. But have you ever seen Powell as a villain—as in *Romola*? Remember how he walked off with hero Colman's applause? Well—!

Lillian Gish will never be too wrapped up in her mantle of Duse, which the critics have thrown about her, to forget that she wasn't always so showered with praise. Lillian has the humility of true greatness. The only time she ever kept me waiting for an appointment was when she was busy "making up" an unknown girl for her first screen test. Lillian became so absorbed in her task of preparing the novice for her ordeal that she forgot all about time. She has taken more than one extra under her friendly wing. Though she is philosophical almost to the extent of cynicism about the gruelling demands of a screen career, having once worn her famous lean-and-hungry look which makes you cry at her close-ups for necessity, not for art, she can still realize that to the young and hopeful advice is not so valuable as experience. When her two kid cousins from Ohio came to visit her, she took them to the studio and worked them into her picture. They were both beautiful, by the way. They looked like husky youngsters, particularly as contrasted with their frail cousins; but they could not stand up under the strain of picture-making. They went back home convinced that cousin Lillian certainly earned her applause and she could have it.

Oh, there are lots of other stories I could tell you. How Frances Marion, for instance, the foremost scenario writer, has helped more than one aspiring writer—and really helped, by suggestion and criticism and, often, even more substantial assistance. How June Mathis, another scenarist, goes out of her way to give youngsters a boost. She insisted, if you remember, that Valentino was the one and only *Julio* for *The Four Horsemen*. She was equally insistent upon Kathleen Key for *Ben Hur*. Elinor Glyn earned the undying gratitude of Harriett Hammond by pulling her back from obscurity, into which she had been forced through no fault of her own, and giving her the lead in a Glyn picture. Mrs. Glyn has helped others in the same way.

There is, of course, the long list of stars who have been aided by their husbands. While Norma Talmadge would certainly have risen to heights if she had never met Joseph Schenck, her marriage nevertheless facilitated her soar. Her husband is ambitious for her. He takes all business matters on his own shoulders and leaves his wife free to pursue the will-o-the-wisp of art. He has helped her sister Constance, and her brother-in-law, Buster Keaton.

Colleen Moore was a promising youngster before she married John McCormick, the young Irish executive of First National, but Colleen needed a helping hand about that time. Fortunately she found help, and fell in love, all at once. Her husband was instrumental in her First National stardom; he has been untiring in his efforts to provide her with the best stories; and now that he has been made western manager of his company, Colleen will have the added advantage of a boss who is her devoted husband in private life.

Rex Ingram has made many discoveries, but his most important is his wife, Alice Terry. Douglas Fairbanks has helped his wife's sister, Lottie Pickford, by casting her in *Don Q*. And don't forget that Doug is always ready to hold out encouragement of all kinds to his son, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He doesn't object to another Doug on the screen. You know Doug—can't you just imagine him thinking there can't be too many Fairbankses around?

It's nice to think about. But now that I have told all, I'm wondering if it wouldn't have been better not to mention any names? It might start an epidemic of impersonation. In case you're contemplating making up as Ben Lyon or Mary Pickford and sallying forth in quest of the merciful mitt, don't forget that it might be used against you instead of for you. If they all turned the other cheek, they wouldn't have any time to make pictures.

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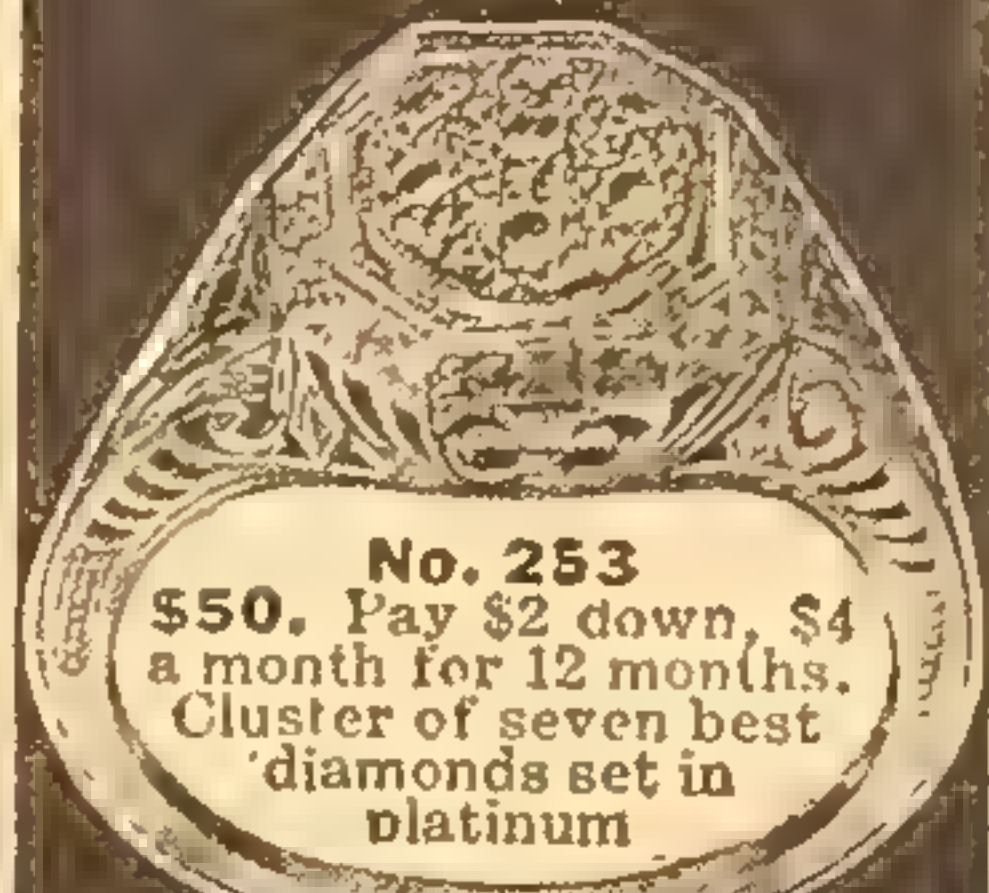
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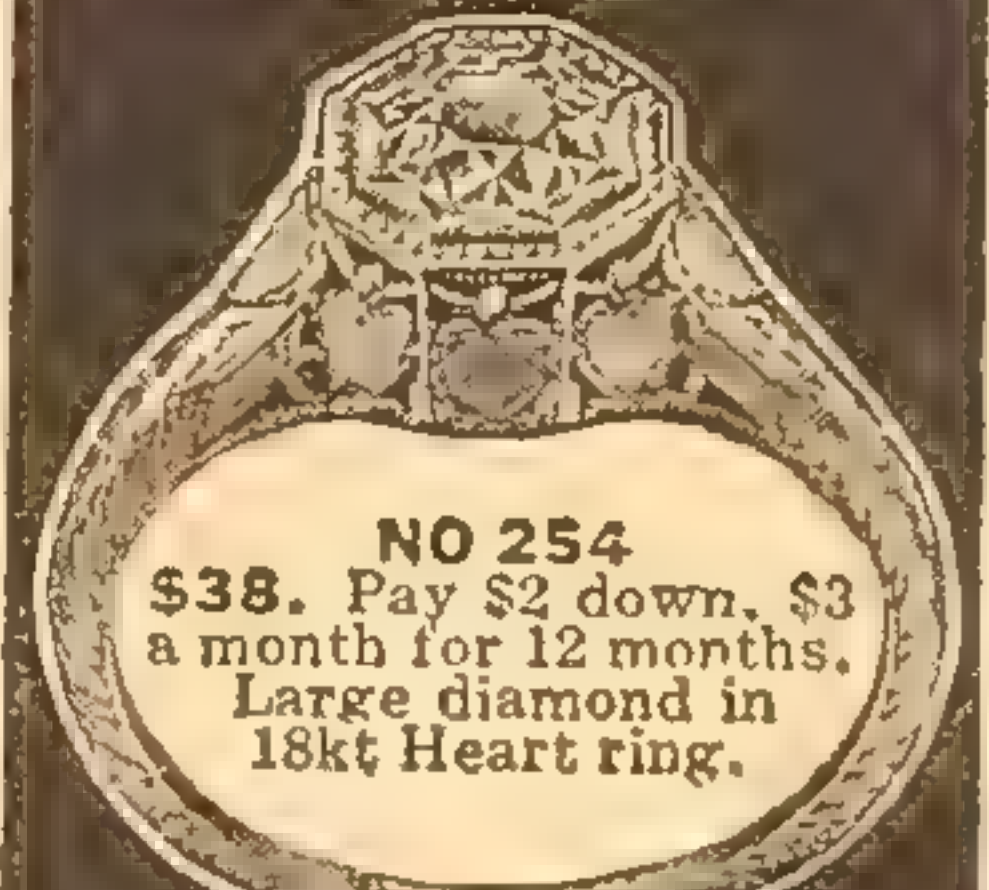
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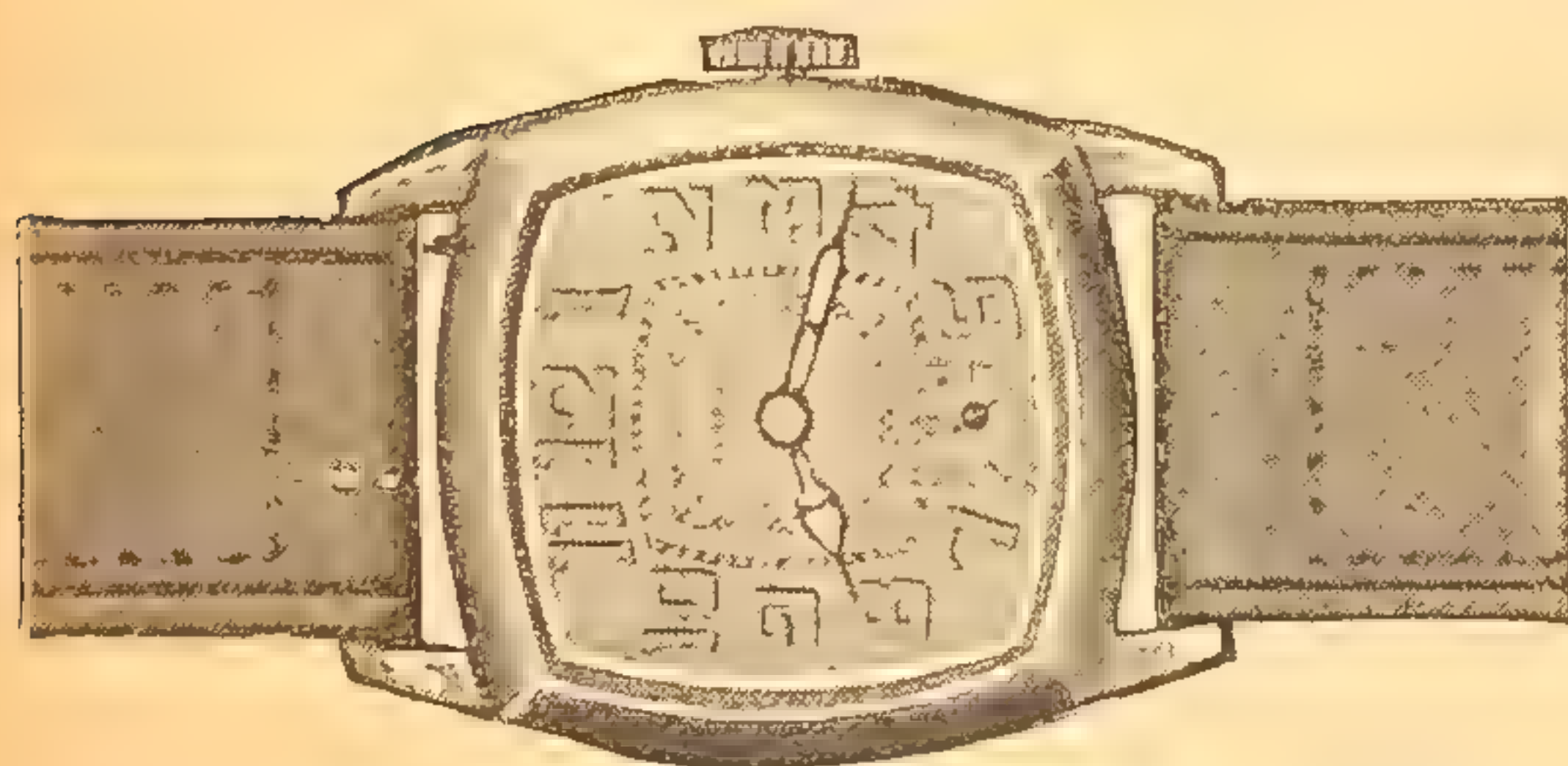
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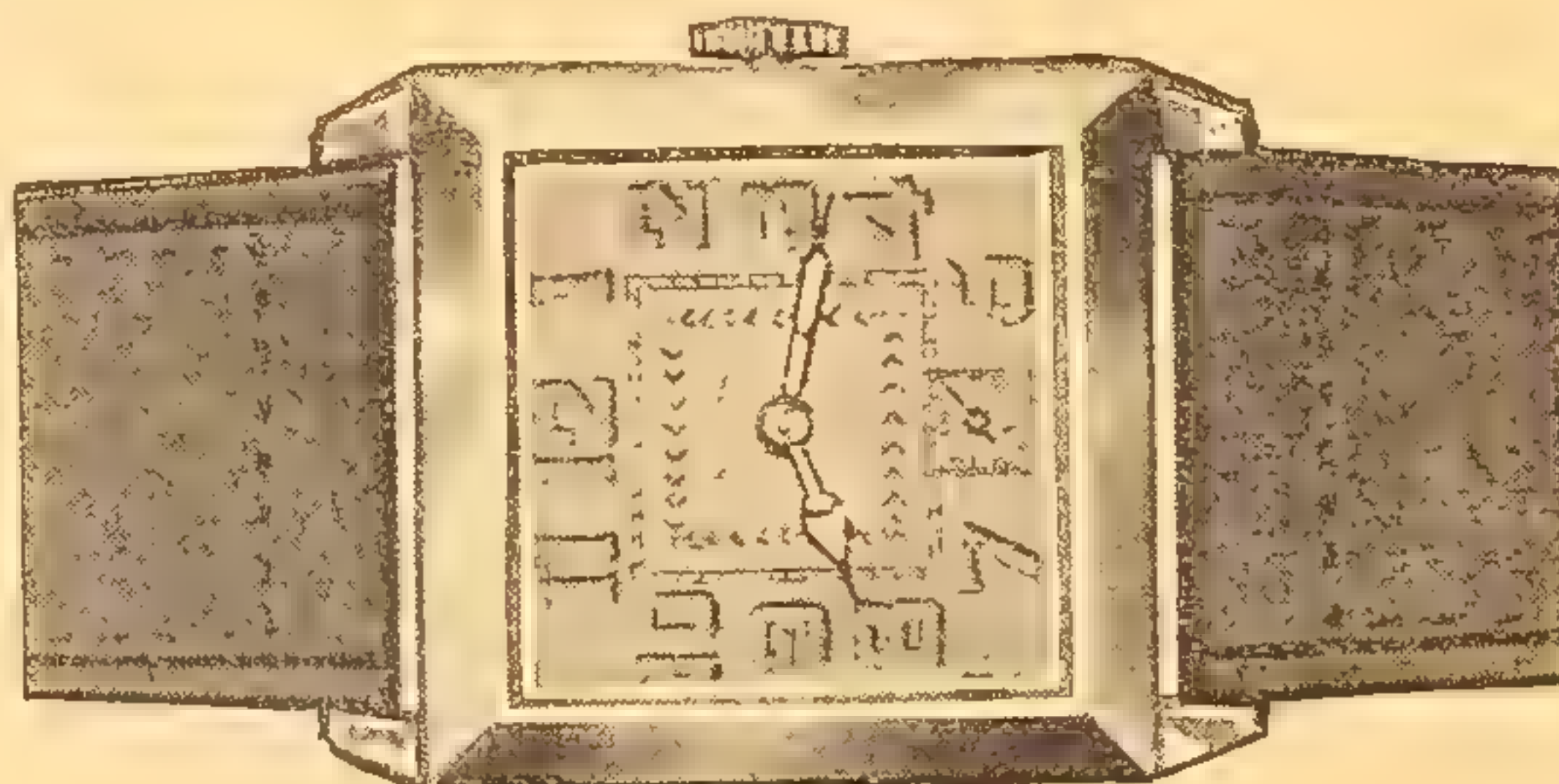
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Emery F. (Ohio). I'm giving you Richard Talmadge's address so that you can ask all the details of his accident and so on yourself. F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, is where Dick earns a crust.

Alice Doherty. Milton Sills is married to a non-professional. He was born January 10, 1882. Conway Tearle married Adele Rowland, an actress, and Conway's birthday is July 10, 1880.

Frankie. George O'Brien entered pictures about three years ago. He is a native son of California, hailing from San Francisco, where his father is Chief of Police O'Brien. George started as an extra and if you look hard enough you'll see him in "The Ten Commandments" (but he wears whiskers). Not married yet, though I've heard of a brunette from his home town who will probably be pouring out his morning coffee before long. Born 1900.

Donald Rennie. Utterly impossible to answer you in the "next" issue, which was two issues ago. You have to take your turn like every one else. Jacqueline Logan was born in Texas, and her address is F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. Address Captain Charles, care of Associated Exhibitors, 35 W. 45th Street, New York. Sigrid Holmquist is free-lancing, I understand.

Pat's Kid. Hope Hampton is in her twenties, married to Jules Brulatour, the film magnate. Height 5 feet 3, weight 125, auburn hair, dark blue eyes, and I believe her name was Kennedy, so presumably Ireland is in her blood. Thanks for the luck!

A. Davis (Fa.). So you want my picture, do you? Well, Aaron, old boy, it just can't be done.

Betty Becker. You've got me this time, Betsy my gal. In what picture did you see this wonderman Rex Lease?



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## Sacred Fires

(Continued from page 17)

history. He would tell as much, then smile rather tragically as he puffed his briar, watching whorls of smoke drift and disappear the way his hopes had vanished when the blood-call drew him back.

For a long time neither man had spoken. Ragged clouds loomed along the horizon.

"Like Broadway, don't you think?" Maranui remarked. "I sometimes sit on the beach and juggle the stars into electric signs. Names, chewing-gum, theatres, chop-suey, ginger-ale," laughing softly. "Not often though. It makes me lonely; and loneliness isn't good for a man out here. Craig, I cursed when your schooner came in; it was the first ship for a year. I don't encourage visitors. Why? I—well, I don't want to be reminded, that's all. Now I'm sorry to see you go."

"Better come along with us, Maranui," the director suggested. "Run up to Los Angeles for a few months. We'll make an actor of you—not that I wish you any harm, understand."

Peggy Braiden, mounting the poop just then, was a mere rustle of shadow. It was too hot to stay below, and even here heat hung like resentment in the air.

"I'd like to. That's the trouble. I'd like to too well," Maranui answered.

He re-lighted his pipe. Clear as a cameo, his face flashed against the silvered darkness of night. The match died, and again Maranui was no more than an outline. "Our worlds are different, Craig," he said, his voice as reverberant as a far tom-tom. If we see too much of the other's, we learn to laugh at our own gods. Our faith shakes. Tomorrow night I'll show you the *umuti*, the fire-walking. Pity you couldn't film that. No one would believe it, though. How do men walk through fire unburned? Perhaps you'll call it some divine power that wooden images have given my people. I should have it, too; it was born in me; but civilization destroyed it just as I would be destroyed if I stepped across the *umuti*, although the man in front or the man behind wouldn't even be singed." He spoke the rest almost below Craig's hearing, although Peggy caught his words distinctly. She listened—well, possibly from her heart. "Blood is the blessing of our gods," he said; "but two bloods are the fury of our devils."

As casually as she had returned, Peggy wandered away. Down the gangplank, along the narrow jetty and among restless palm shadows that reached like inescapable tentacles across the beach, her step continued unhurriedly. But few would have known this Peggy Braiden who laughed involuntarily: a jolty laugh as if even she had only just recognized herself very differently from her portraits that American newspapers displayed liberally on fashion, amusement and rotogravure pages, wearing or doing something startling, if not actually scandalous. Nor was it the kind of laugh that greeted announcements of her engagement to some freak artist, some jazz-king or Argentine millionaire, and, on a dozen occasions, to ambitious leading men who claimed her heart for the publicity it pumped. She always denied matrimonial intentions. Either she had never even met this person or they were just good friends. Whereupon several million film fans breathed easier. An ideal had been preserved. For Peggy appealed spectacularly. By popular demand she must marry—if she must marry—a title of Continental



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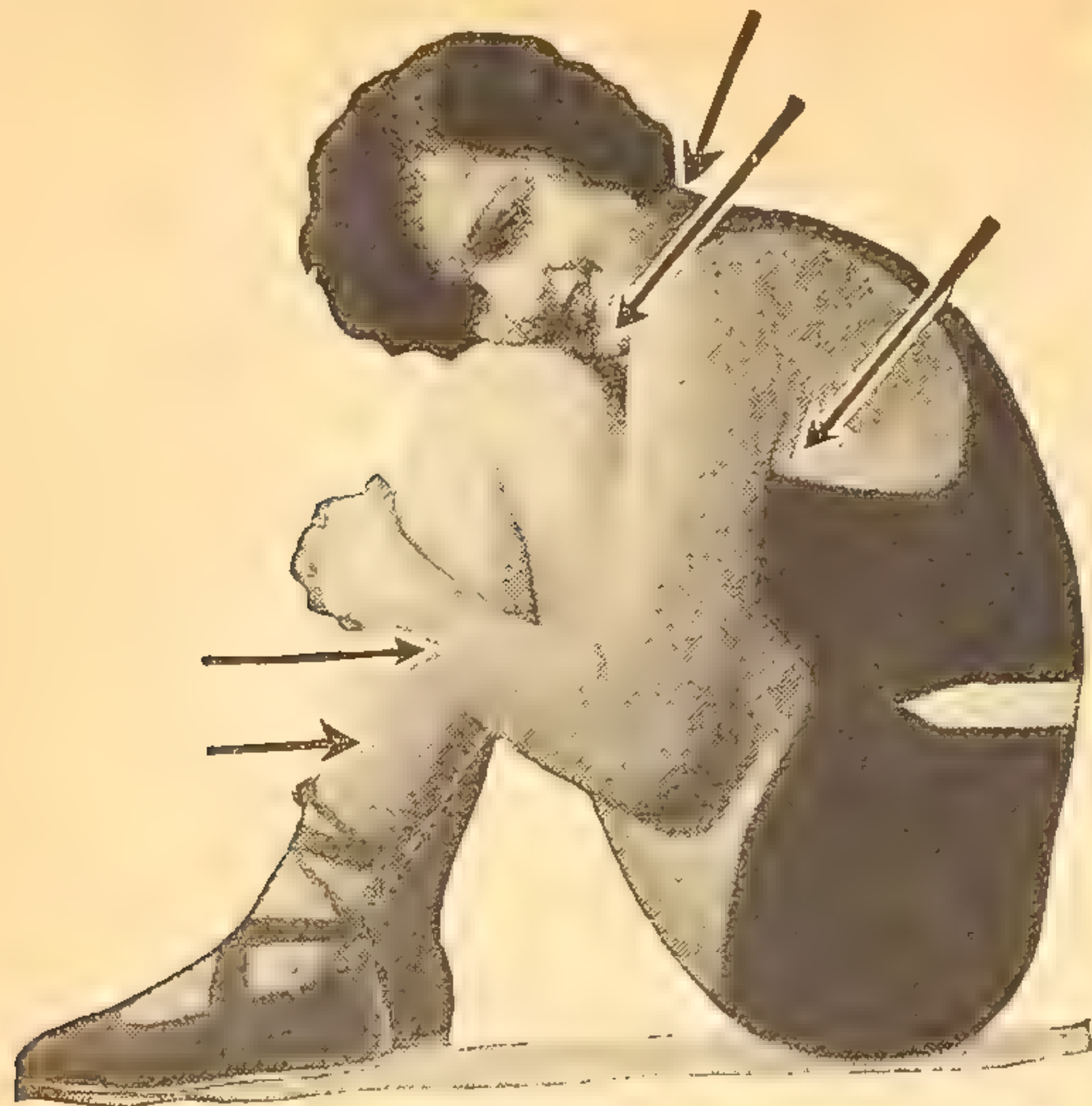
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© Matt Moore and Dorothy Devore in a scene from "His Majesty Bunker Bean."

origin, but on no account English, since Lady Margaret sounded sedate while La Comtesse had a romantic flavor.

Now her pellet of laughter trailed homelessly through the hushed grove and up to the solitary peak rearing over Motuiti like a serene, omnipotent joss. Dwindling into distance, it became a sob. "I was a kid when I went to the studios, then suddenly I was a woman," she whispered. "I've acted too long; acting love, love, love day after day with the camera watching. All pretense, until pretense drained everything from my heart. It was empty; and then—" She stopped. Echoes persisted in her ears; she mocked herself to banish them. "Listen to me reading the subtitles out loud."

Peggy Braiden loved Maranui. It was easy to excuse her.

The man rose above the human swelter; he was god-like; a fling of his arm and, it seemed, he enfolded her in the whole pagan tapestry. That muffled and comforted her beyond thought as she wandered without direction until lazy spindrift flecked her and the beach ended at a reef where combers broke. She stood buried in the night. A gull wheeled close; its wing tipped her coldly. It screamed and other gulls awakened, all wailing and calling like phantoms and flitting and ebbing as so many memories. She wished no memories. She found herself running from them, once more towards the schooner. Surf-heads obliterated her trail. They receded and left no trace.

Two weeks ago she would have laughed at the impulse that made her walk backwards now, watching the footprints of fame erased by contemptuous sweeps of sea. In fact, no such impulse could have existed; but here beneath the inverted bowl of sky, she felt infinitesimal, too small to make more than momentary indentations in the sand. Swish, and her tracks were gone, just as she would go the day after to-morrow—forever. The terrific finality of things gripped her. A star fell; it was bright, it faded, it vanished. So Peggy Braiden would vanish without trace, while Maranui would pour his blood into sons and their sons everlastingly. Not men—grand pagan gods.

She was sobbing half-fearfully when Ma-

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ranui saw her. He had left the schooner and was strolling home. When he came striding up, she caught his arm instinctively and, without speaking, stared at him.

"Did something frighten you, Miss Braiden?" he asked.

Words were difficult, "No—yes—I don't know what it was—something."

"I'll walk with you back to the boat."

"I'd rather not go; not yet!"

"You wish me to leave you alone?"

"Talk to me, Maranui."

His eyes found strales of moonlight; they shone briefly, then darkened as if shutters closed behind them. "I will talk to you while we return to the ship," he offered. "It's better to go now, Miss Braiden . . . I think I understand."

Nevertheless he walked half-way without uttering a word. Though she still clutched his arm, he seemed remote, and when Peggy glanced up his head was determinedly high. She might have been alone, hearing only her own scuff-scuff-scuff through shells and weed over which the man passed soundlessly.

"You are afraid because tonight you are doing everything for the last time," he said eventually. "You should be glad of that."

"I do not know." Her voice was hindered. "At home I mean something, I think of myself as being big. But here I am nothing at all."

He nodded. "You have the islands in your eyes. You see only colors. But they are the colors of a bubble—enchantment. If you stayed the bubble would burst. For a man that's merely the end of a dream; but for a woman it's the end of everything—the dead finish." He spoke from an uncanny distance. Then, fumbling for his pipe, he grew mortal with that curved old briar hooked contentedly between his teeth. "There's only one woman who ever remained here successfully and sometimes, confound her, we can't dodge her."

A missionary Peggy supposed. "A white woman?"

"As white as the sun. That's the lady—the Woman Who Put Fire in the Skies," chuckled Maranui. "Just another of our legends, one of my civilized disbeliefs. I saw it used as a movie theme once. New York or London, I forget where. You know those modern dramas with mythical beginnings. They reincarnated the sun-goddess as the woman who put fire in a man's heart."

She saw him shrug. "And you don't even believe that possible?"

Probably many women in Maranui's travels had counted the seconds as Peggy did now, before he answered, "I know nothing of sacred fires."

They reached the jetty. Tom Craig leaned over the ship's rail, waiting; but after Maranui had bidden the girl good-night, Craig was numbered among the unnoticed shapes as Peggy groped rather than walked aboard and went wavering down a companion-way.

Two clefts resembling sabre wounds from Craig's cheekbones almost to his chin deepened and he slumped a little wearily. Judged by ability to picture incidents that crowds found humorous or tear-compelling, he was a good director. Art, love, human interest, happy endings; that formula guided him. But life turned scenarios into gorgeous jests. He loved Peggy Braiden whose cabin was hushed when he tiptoed by. No sound, no movement at all. She had simply thrown herself down.

And silhouetted along the beach Maranui was equally motionless, as inscrutable as the infinite that he contemplated. But his head shook suddenly as if he desired to dislodge thought as easily as he dislodged

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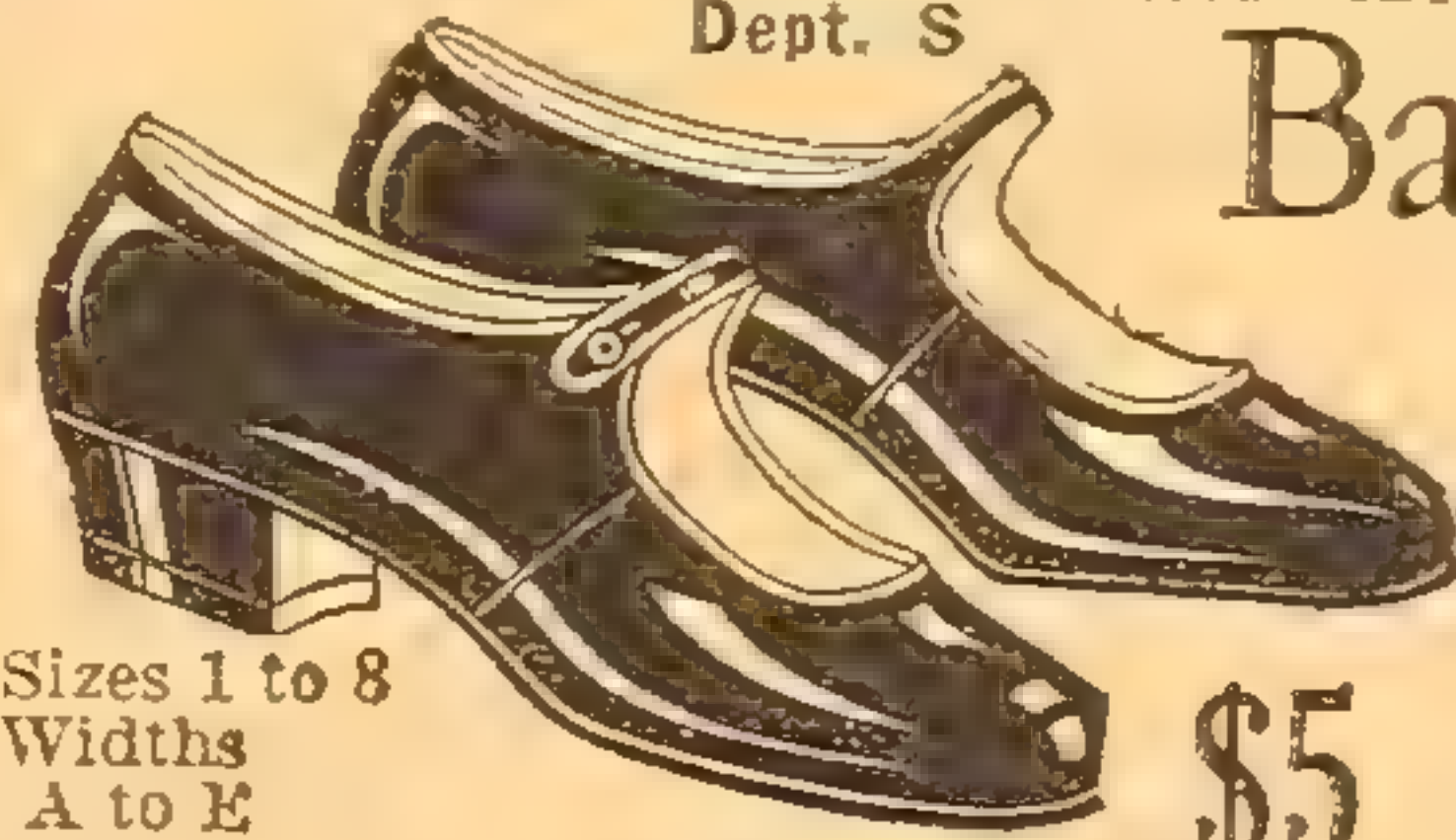
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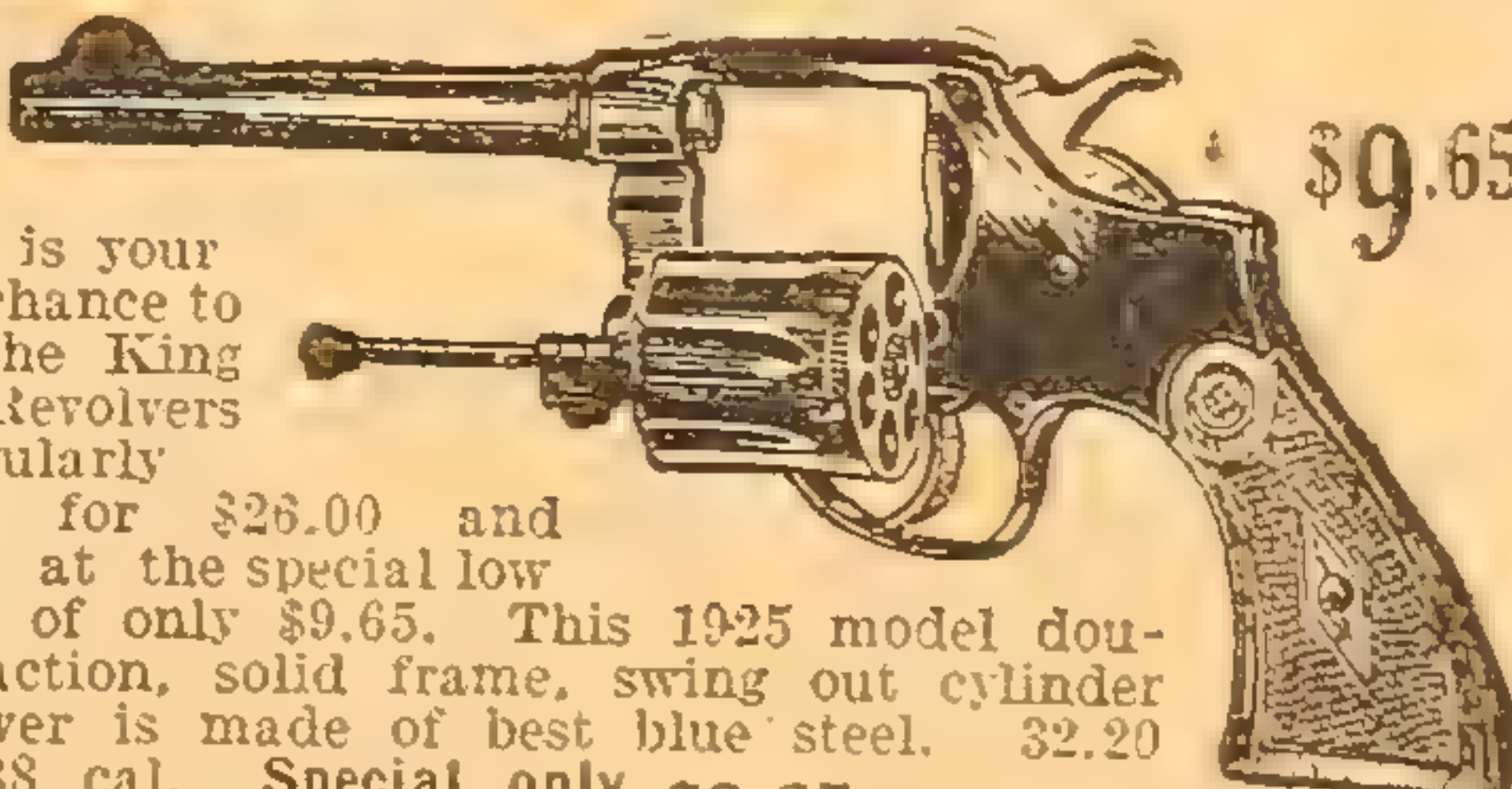
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the vestiges of civilization. He removed ducks, shoes and socks, and let sea-wind set his body tingling. Blood was the blessing of his gods; two bloods would be the fury of his devils—and he preferred to be a peaceful minded pagan. But the *umu*, the oven of his priests and sorcerers glared redly in a crevice of the hills, and Maranui shuddered. . . .

**A**LL next day Peggy remained below, although her cabin steamed and the 'tween-decks resounded to the bump of crates and equipment being stowed. Time after time she looked through her port, peering down into the water where her reflection swam among weed; and once Craig, bending moodily over the poop rail, cast another image over hers. He moved away and the girl's shadow was left lonely. At one moment realising the impossibility of all this, she drove herself to a miserable frenzy. After she had sailed, after she had pricked this bubble, Maranui would be forgotten. She would work him from her heart, laugh him out, stifle whatever memory of him remained. Yes, she would do so: tell a fragment of the story—enough for studio troubadours to adorn with a sparkling witticism and recount the love of Peggy Braiden for a South Sea Chief as a joke. Why, they expected as much of her: something startling, if not actually scandalous. Maranui? She made herself hate him for his aloofness, for the barriers he built about himself. Yet hate was a loose passion, no truer than her hate which cameras had screened often enough; though she could act it, she failed to feel it. The only real emotion raced through her veins when a white clad figure dawdled about the groves, disappeared, returned and after sunset led Craig and Peggy up the winding path to the fires of his gods.

"You may call it impossible that the flesh can conquer fire," said Maranui as he walked ahead and the others followed single-file, Craig bringing up the rear.

"I call nothing impossible," answered Craig slowly. The moon hung in the trees, then soared up to stripe the island white and submerged blue.

Climbing, the pounding of surf gave place to native chanting.

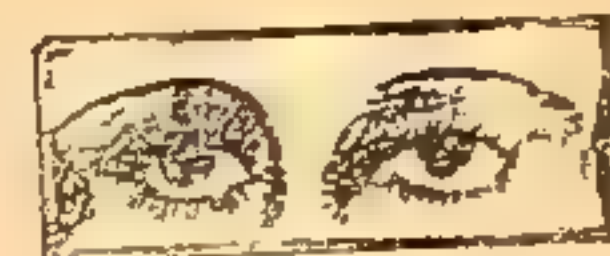
The scene when the three reached the *umu* baffled Craig's studio-craft. From a long shallow pit wherein stones burned from red to white, a glare ebbed and flowed. Fingers of light, splitting the shadows, played upon dark faces and squatting forms. When, like the closing of a hand, the light contracted it drew to the pyre a hundred stretching gargoyles, then catapulted them back against the jungle, so that the only solid among those swaying shapes was the crimson wall of heat. Foliage was scorched brittle. Peggy and Craig could not approach beyond the furthest rim, although Maranui moved closer. Still he did not join his people; nor did he crouch, but stood erect, fully clad, with only glinting sweat upon his cheeks while all about him distorted bodies shone. The chant pitched higher. Step by step Maranui retreated until he was beside the two white watchers. The muscles of his neck distended to repress the lifting surge within him. The singing died to a single voice from the edge of the pit where one man appeared alone. The glare reddened him.

"That's the sorcerer, the priest of the *umu*," Maranui muttered. "He is singing to appease the Woman of Fire."

Despite the natives' silence, Peggy felt their breaths toss and fall with her own to the tides of the sorcerer's invocation. Never were her ears drummed by

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such ancient savagery; it was unforgettable. Craig's grasp upon her arm tightened.

"By God!" he said hoarsely. The girl's temples frosted. With nothing but a tapa about his waist, the sorcerer stepped into the fire. He glanced neither right, left nor down where stones sputtered white-hot beneath his bare feet. His gaze was never lowered from the heavens. Heat shimmered around him; he flung his tapa off; it burst into flames and was ash a moment later. Yet his flesh defied the *umu*; twice he walked through unscathed.

"Follow!" he commanded.

One by one a hundred natives passed through the furnace and returned, their faces lifted skyward in worship, and their bodies preserved by an incredible hypnotism of faith.



© Theodore Roberts, famous Paramount character actor.

Craig was breathing hard; Peggy dared not breathe. The sorcerer called shrilly. A tremor swept through Maranui.

"He is calling me. I must walk." In Maranui's eyes were flecks of white. He gathered himself up.

"No! No!" Peggy scarcely heard herself speak; but of a sudden she clung to him, drawing him back when he would have advanced. "Not you, Maranui. Not through that," she pleaded. Her fingers bit through his coat into his arm; his sinews flexed, yielded and tightened again. "You—you have lost your faith; this isn't in your blood."

The priest's calling had become the clamor of Maranui's people, a deep-throated ominous clang. Peggy spoke wildly, Maranui rocked. The veins of his temples were stark and darkly bright. He heard his priest; he heard the girl crying, "I love you—I love you—I love you," as if all other words were denied her.

He shook her off and went. He removed his shoes, and as he neared the pyre the clamor softened until only the sorcerer's intonations pierced that wilderness. "Look up, look up to the Woman Who Put Fire in the Skies!"

Maranui obeyed.

Peggy recoiled limply against Craig; she would not look. And as for Craig, this—this was something—something too immense to film. His thoughts came in gasps like that. Cameras might record the picture, but not the spirit. Devotion and superstition strained down the air and hammered the white man's pulses to numbness. Maranui, devil red but wrapped in the mantle of faith so that he seemed white, cool, impregnable; Maranui, with his head turned



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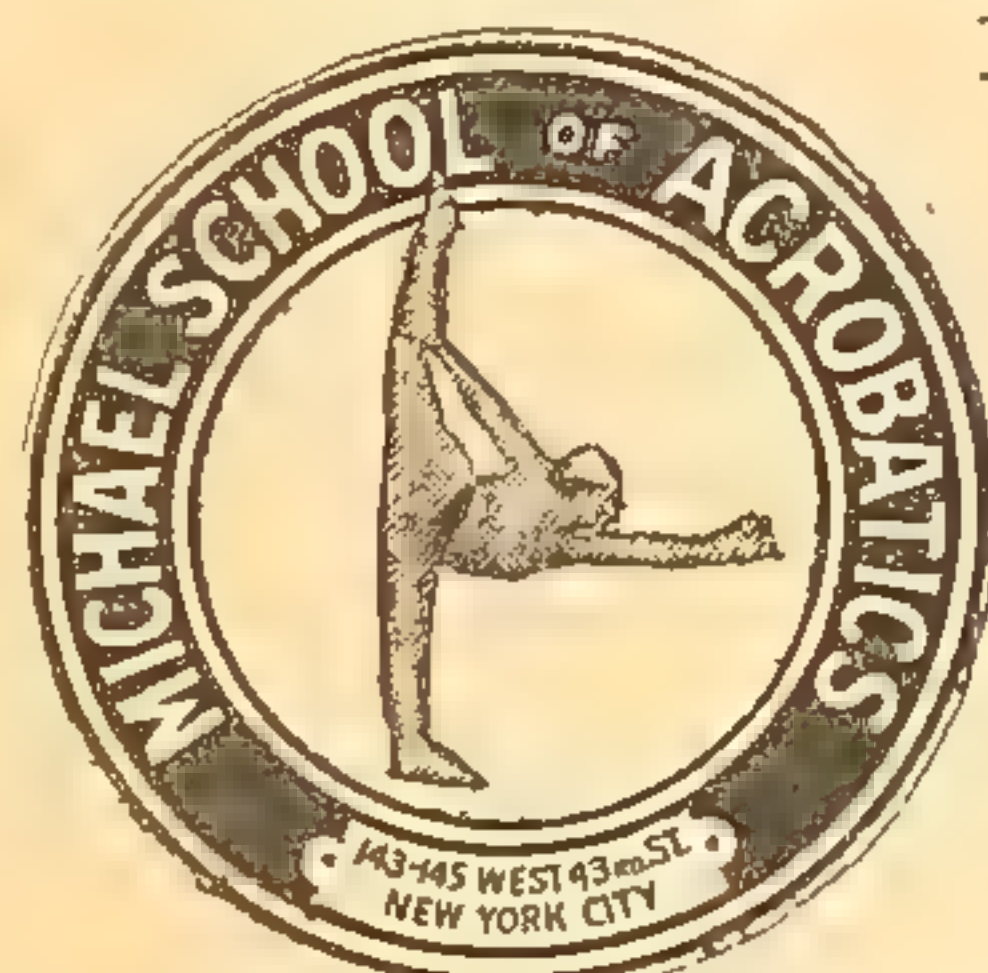
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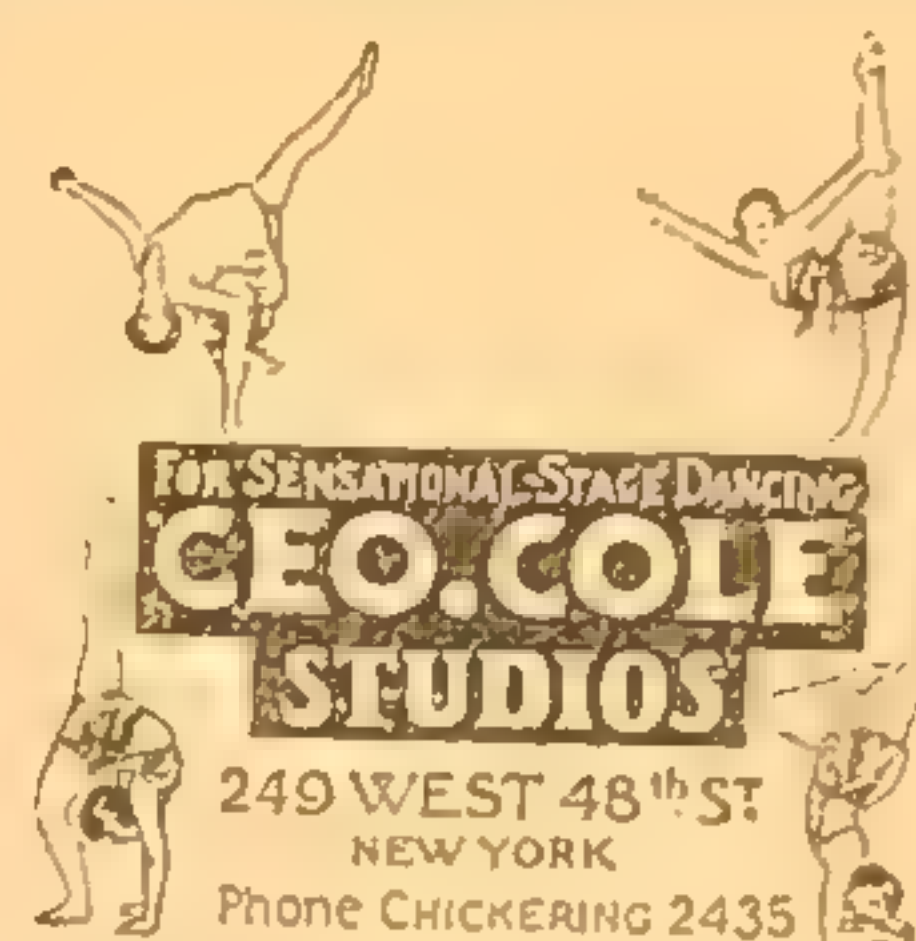
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proudly up, worshiped the Woman of Fire sublimely. Craig saw him conquer fear; Peggy saw him make his first step forward and, though Craig's arm imprisoned her when she would have leapt, her cry reached Maranui.

Snap!

He spun. He searched the shadows for her. The glare roared into his face where every resolute line melted. His body teetered and became like wax. Nevertheless he tried to goad himself forward with prayer, not looking up, but staring into darkness where Peggy was hidden, or down at the white-hot stones. One step and they seared him; the odor of burned flesh arose; but if pain whipped a scream across his lips, the wrath of his people drowned it. Maranui reeled from the umu. He could not walk through. The sorcerer cursed in the name of many gods and natives, swell-



George O'Brien and Margaret Livingston in a scene from "Havoc."

ing the maledictions, swarmed behind the figure that staggered on one leg and dragged the other uselessly. Maranui lurched halfway across the clearing.

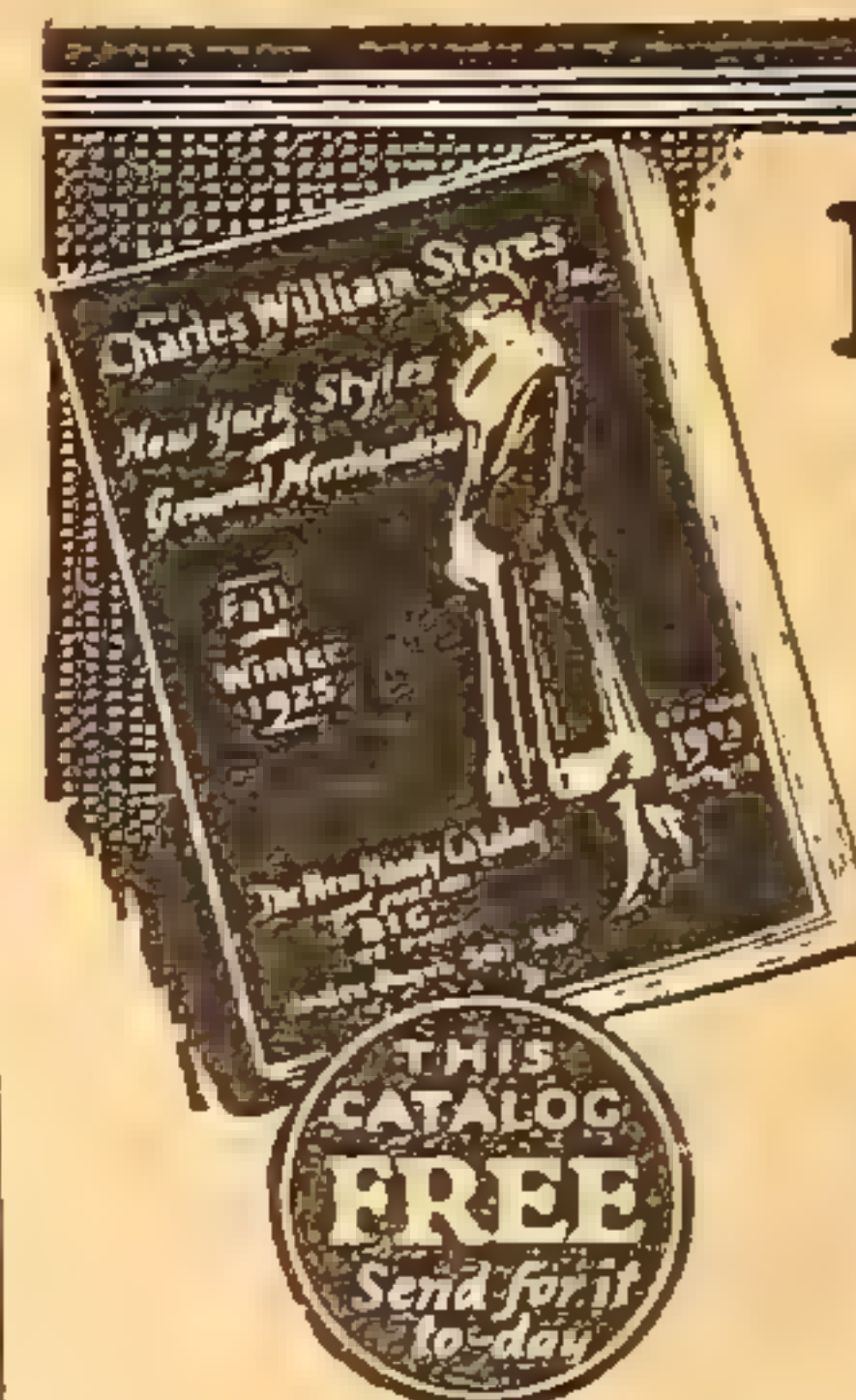
"Run, Craig! Get her away!" he shouted. The throng crushed him down. . . .

What happened up there never was related afterwards. Nothing was told, but in the morning, at the gray end of a night which Craig spent prowling the ship's deck, while Peggy alternated fitfully between unconsciousness and terrified awakenings, Maranui crawled through the groves. His clothes had been torn from him; his flesh was pulped. Digging his fingers into roots, he hauled himself along. Before Craig raced to him, what was left of Maranui's pride set what was left of his body painfully upright. One sound leg bore his weight; the other, burned in the umu, tilted him when he endeavored to walk. The schooner's captain ran with Craig; together they carried him abroad and the ship slid out on the tide.

Maranui's lips parted as Peggy hovered helplessly near. "I have found the sacred fires," he said simply.

Now she could not repeat, "I love you." That had destroyed him last night and some shard of the shattered man pricked the bubble of enchantment. But for Peggy this could not be the end. . . .

THE film was completed in Hollywood, where no one attached any particular significance to a disfigured Tahitian who limped among the extras in studio interiors or occupied the hazy sidelines while Peggy worked. Craig introduced him as a chief, which meant nothing. Half-a-dozen lords on the extra line made all titles disreputable.



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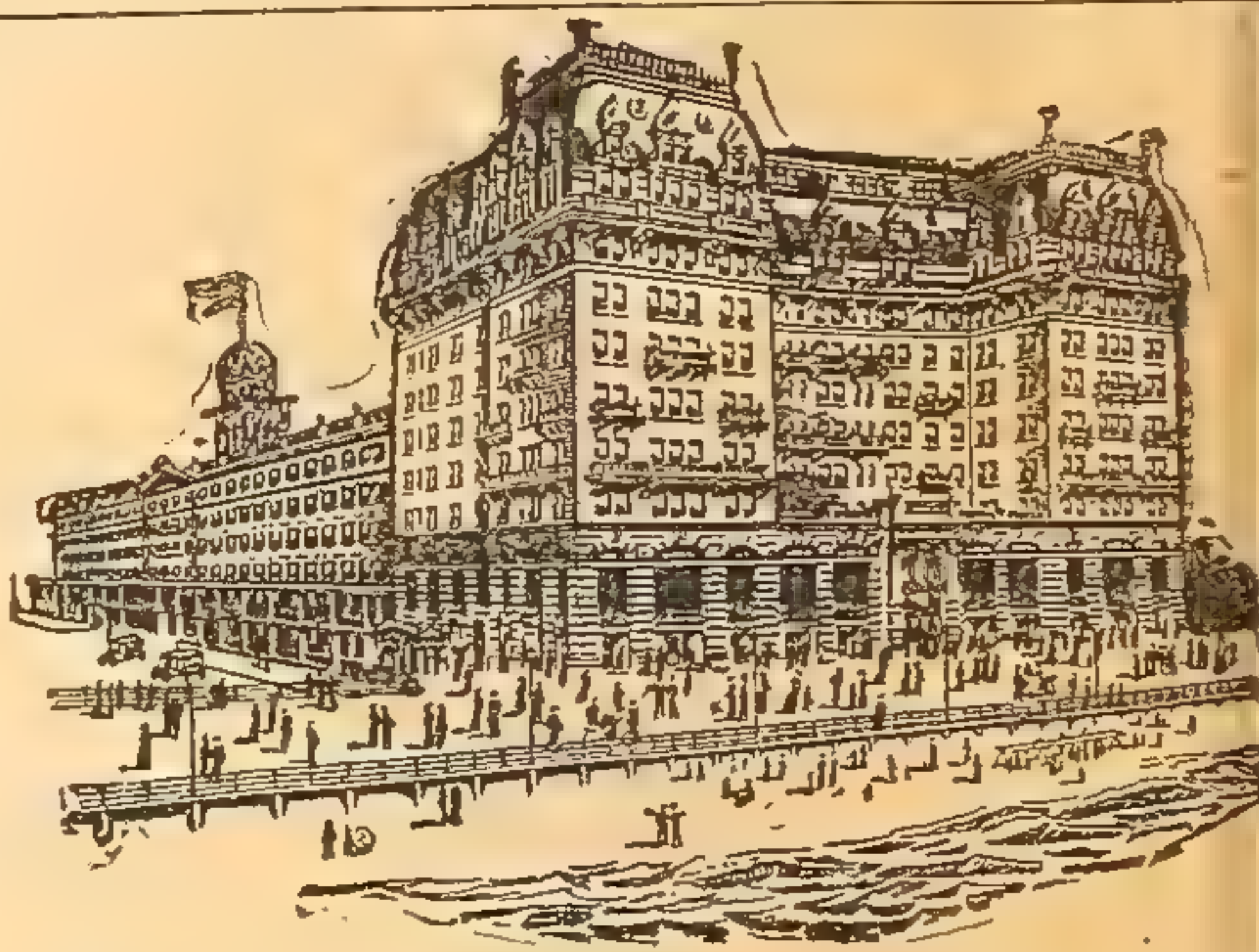
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## SCREENLAND BOOK DEPT.

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Few women looked twice at Maranui these days. If the soft roll of his voice attracted them, his scars repelled them. Nor was the tragedy in his eyes worth speculating upon; it resembled hunger too much, and hunger was commonplace. But Peggy understood and she talked out her misery with Craig who often came to her house.

"It was fascination and you couldn't help what happened," he tried to comfort her.

"And this is cowardice," she accused herself. "Tom, I—I crippled a god."

"And now you're killing yourself."

"If I had Maranui's courage, I would," she said bitterly. "I know what I have taken from him: his faith, his strength, even his people; he can't go back to them. And I can give him nothing—not what I really owe him." She pointed westward where clouds built a lonely peak and distant city lights were stars. "Out there I thought I loved him. But here—no, no! Yet I maimed him; I can't forget that."

"He sits on my verandah every night just staring out there," responded Craig. "He knows that it's dead. Our worlds are different, there's the same old answer. I shouldn't have brought him here."

"I made you. Now, if only I could do something to—"

"Steady," Craig cautioned, gently taking her hands. "I can keep him; see that he always has a job around the studio. But even then I'm afraid. He won't live on that kind of charity. Eventually he'll drift away."

Peggy Braiden shut her eyes and buried them still deeper beneath her hands. "Drifting—and limping—where?"

As for Maranui, he asked nothing of her. At the studio he respected the barrier between extra and star; and when Peggy visited him at Craig's home—as she often did, irresistibly drawn there—Maranui would hide himself in verandah dimnesses whence he spoke without one word of the past or future. If his pipe went out, he reloaded and drew on it unlighted. Had he struck a match his broken face would have tormented the girl. But ghosts of his splendor crowded the studio projection-room the day Craig's production was screened. Players, executives, publicity men and members of casts not busy on their sets formed the audience; their critical undertones became a gasp. Not that tropical settings were new to them; the stage crew could have built sets twice as colorful; location men might have duplicated the beaches and palms less than thirty miles away. Momentarily Maranui owned the screen. His figure lifted far out and rode the surf, spray pluming. He poised above the sliding crest; he challenged, bitted and tamed the wave, then stepped from his board to the beach.

Maranui! God-like! A fling of his arm, and he enfolded Peggy Braiden in the whole pagan tapestry! She crouched in her chair. She forgot that he also sat in the dimness of this room. Again her eyes filled with amazement at him—amazement, and the deeper thing she had dared to name. The spell caught her. But as quickly as warmth had come, she grew cold, taut, nerveless; and the next scene banished that Maranui forever.

A raspy feminine voice demanded jocularly, "Say, Peggy, will you give me that guy's address? He's so-o-ome lollapalooza."

When the picture ended Peggy's chair was vacant. She had crept away. Long after the others had gone Maranui contemplated a blank screen until Craig bent over him. "She wants you." He hesitated, then obeyed and climbed stairs and stairs to the dome upon the studio-roof that was Peggy's dressing-room. Her little nervous gesture greeted him, and he sat.

"To-day—" she commenced, but con-

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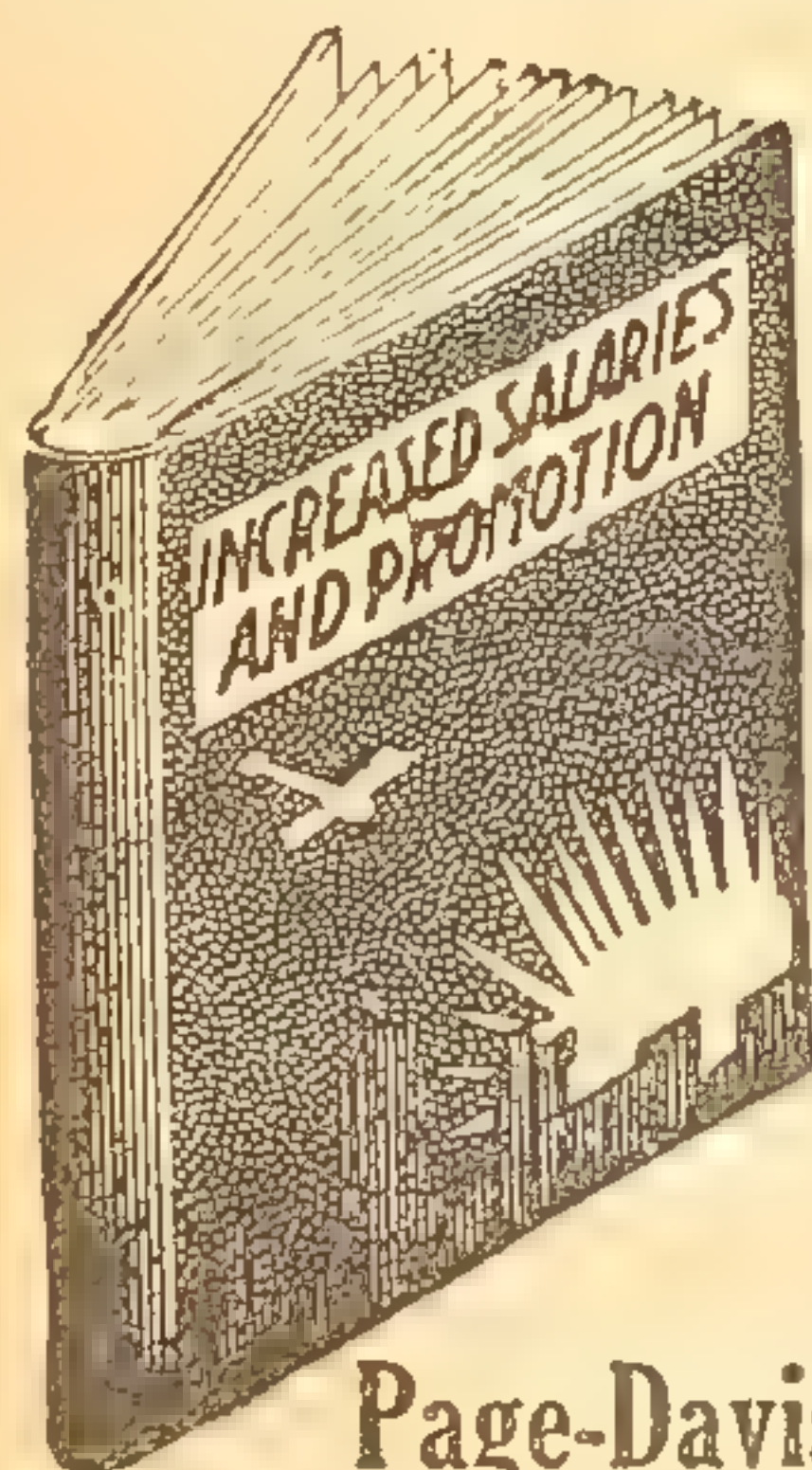
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trasts muted her. Seeking inanimate objects for her glance, she tried to speak without beholding him, but inevitably her orbit finished at his level eyes.

"May I say it for you?" he enquired. She nodded, and a hint of his old carelessness reached her. "We will go back, not to Motuiti, but to some other island. There are plenty. We'll live as we might have, but for this," smiling almost whimsically as he indicated his deformity.

"You want me to go?" she asked tightly. "I am merely saying what you are trying to. You want to feel small again under the bigness of things out there, so that even I may seem big to you, too. With the bubble in your eyes again and all its colors, you could overlook realities." Rising, he approached unsteadily. "Why would you consider this unless you feel you owe me something? You owe me nothing at all," he said, and let his head fall. "On the contrary, if I could call myself a man, I would get away from here and help you to forget. I would go back to my people alone. I can't do that yet. They won't accept me until the fire of one woman has burned out and I can worship another without disbelief. . . . If I keep out of your sight, you will let me wait until then? I have nowhere else to go."

The door closed slowly after him. His uneven tread receded. A dresser entered but was dismissed. At last Peggy moved to the windows. Sunset sprang upon glass roofs and ricocheted into her face. Skeleton shacks of a mining camp huddled on a lot, hard by a towering castle front. Mohammedan temples bordered a campus that would sprout an army tomorrow. A watchman pattered about. Shadows lengthened; mist lowered; the last of the sun spread vast red strands like a woman's head suspended; then gradually bungalow windows burned orange squares in the night. Still Peggy did not leave her dressing-room, but folded wearily on a couch, repeating,

"Until the fire of one woman has burned out and he can worship another without disbelief." Presently she sobbed. . . .

SHE must have slept; for the air had an acrid tang, an intangible weight pressed down, and fumes that choked her were not the gathering of a few minutes. They grew heavier as she lay unable to separate realities from the figments of dreams or thoughts which revolved about human fire. Dazedly she fumbled for a light; a few wires burning redly, distantly, and with little illumination through gray swirls, responded to the switch. These things Peggy regarded numbly before she freed herself from the final threads of sleep. Smoke poured past the door when she opened it, and groping back, she emerged on the narrow roof but could escape no further. Vapor rolled impenetrably up the one stairway that descended into an ugly orange core; and completely surrounding her, structures of iron formed gaunt skeletons. Alive with eerie reflections, too, walls and roofs of glass made transparent ovens wherein tongues of fire licked over stages and sets. Already the shouts of men and clanging engines and alarms were lost beneath an insistent roaring; glass crashed at intervals like gigantic laughter and, with each crash, heat rushed out to widen the circle of fighters. Their hoses played upon no more than the red hem. Even had Peggy's calling pierced the tumult, had she been visible through the smoke, no ladder would have reached the dome. Twice she attempted to escape by the stairs. To where?

She only could wait and stare down, or into split darkness beyond the glare, until

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Hope Hampton and Jean Del Val as Apaches in "Fifty-Fifty."

she saw nothing at all. Her brain built savage pictures: Maranui shuddered from his umu as she did now; and her ears translated this clamor into the swollen curses of his gods.

To these she could neither blind nor deafen herself. Again the roar was a maddening, barbaric tympani. Frenzy took her, then calm—a death-like remoteness so that she seemed to stand beyond herself, without sensation; she stripped shoes and stockings from the half-familiar creature that was herself; she guided this being to the stairs—and down.

The rest was silence. . . .

ON a glowing floor where sets and stages had been reduced to embers and girders had fallen in white-hot entanglements, there emerged, incredibly, a shape that was a woman—Peggy Braiden; and watchers groaned out the name in fearful disbelief. No wonder! She walked through a pyre whose heat held the cordon fifty yards at bay. She came step by step. Her dress was white—not ruddied even by the glare; and some called her whiteness the trick of their own vision. So she was not real. Tom Craig looked once, hurled himself forward, but staggered back, babbling. There was a cripple who murmured "Umuti!"

As if the force of disbelief awakened her, the girl halted. She seemed to sway, almost to fall; her face remained upturned only because she battled within herself to hold it thus. She possessed that power no more. Another step and she faltered.

Some watchers shouted; Craig's throat rattled; a thin chant swelled above all sounds, a Tahitian chant that no one understood.

Maranui broke the cordon. Glancing neither right, left, nor down, he walked the umu now, a poor lop-sided fellow who sang to the Woman Who Put Fire in the Skies. His pagan fires! And he worshipped that woman.

There was another woman whom he gathered in his arms and carried to safety; but he scarcely saw her.

Even Craig, to whom he surrendered her, and who held her tightly—as if flesh were worth such devotion!—even Craig belonged to an inconsequent civilization, a different blood. Gaping faces were waves that Maranui passed heedlessly. There was peace in his heart; and perfect faith for his pagan gods.

Tomorrow he could go back.

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Geo. J. SPINNER  
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# They Thought I Was Bluffing



## —When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

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"Why, you didn't know a single thing about music not so long ago, Bob"—"How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration unconsciously crept into their voices after they had recovered from the unexpected surprise which I had just furnished. "Yes," said Jim, "what sort of a trick have you played on us—I thought you weren't musically inclined." "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret"—followed Betty and Sue in rapid-fire succession. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

"Well, you're all wrong—every one of you," I replied, chuckling with glee. "I'll admit that a short time ago I didn't know one note of music from another. And as far as special talent goes—well, I never had any. And although I had always longed to be able to play the piano it was more or less of an empty dream. For I just couldn't stand the thought of learning music from a teacher and going through a lot of monotonous scales and exercises. It just went against my grain."

"So I've just contented myself with sitting around envying others who could play—watching them have

all the fun. Until one night last March I was reading a popular magazine and suddenly an announcement caught my eye. It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. At first I laughed, like you folks, I thought that such a thing was a joke. Somehow or other I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. But that announcement set me wondering. So I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to investigate. And—well, you know the rest."

\* \* \*

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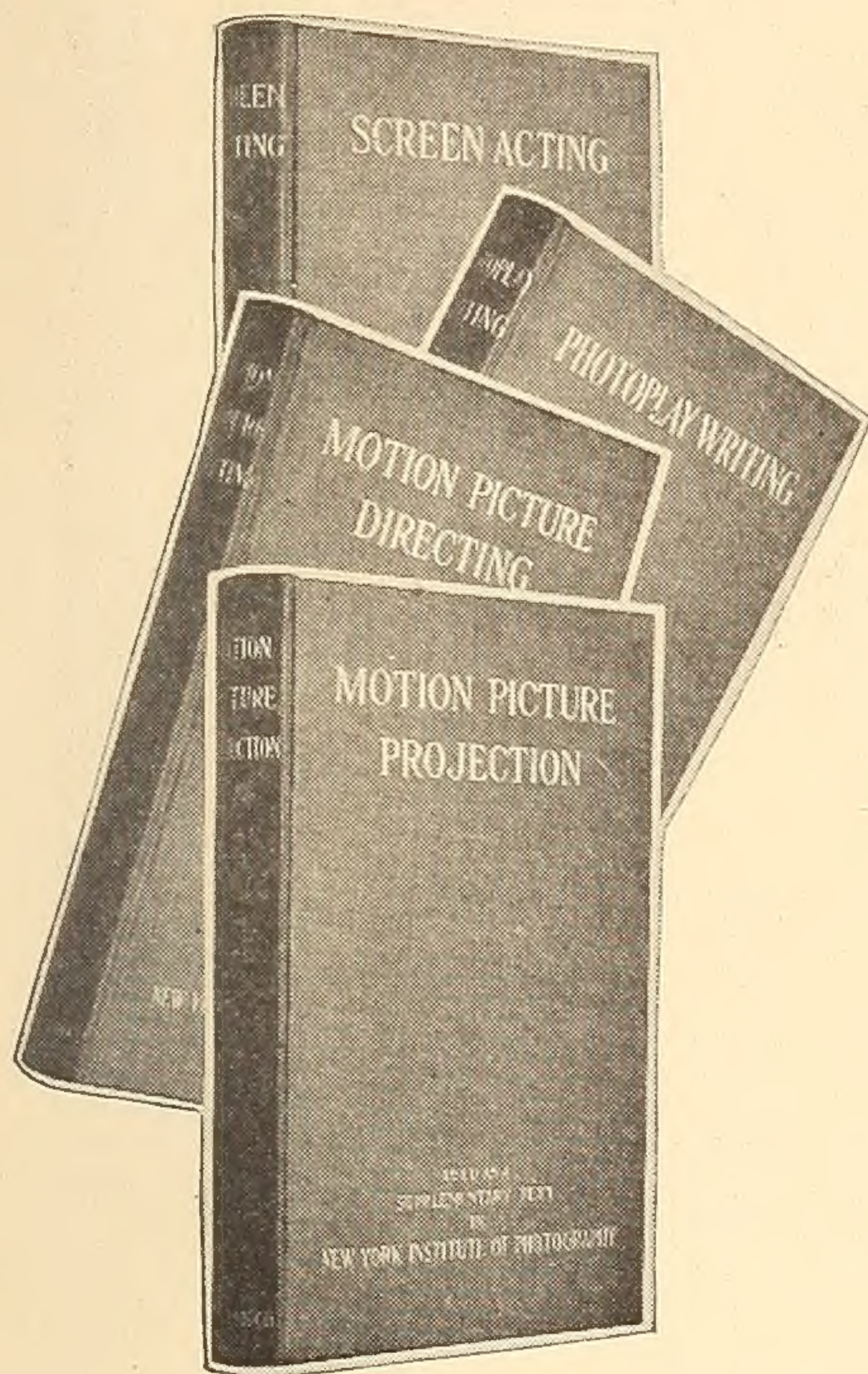
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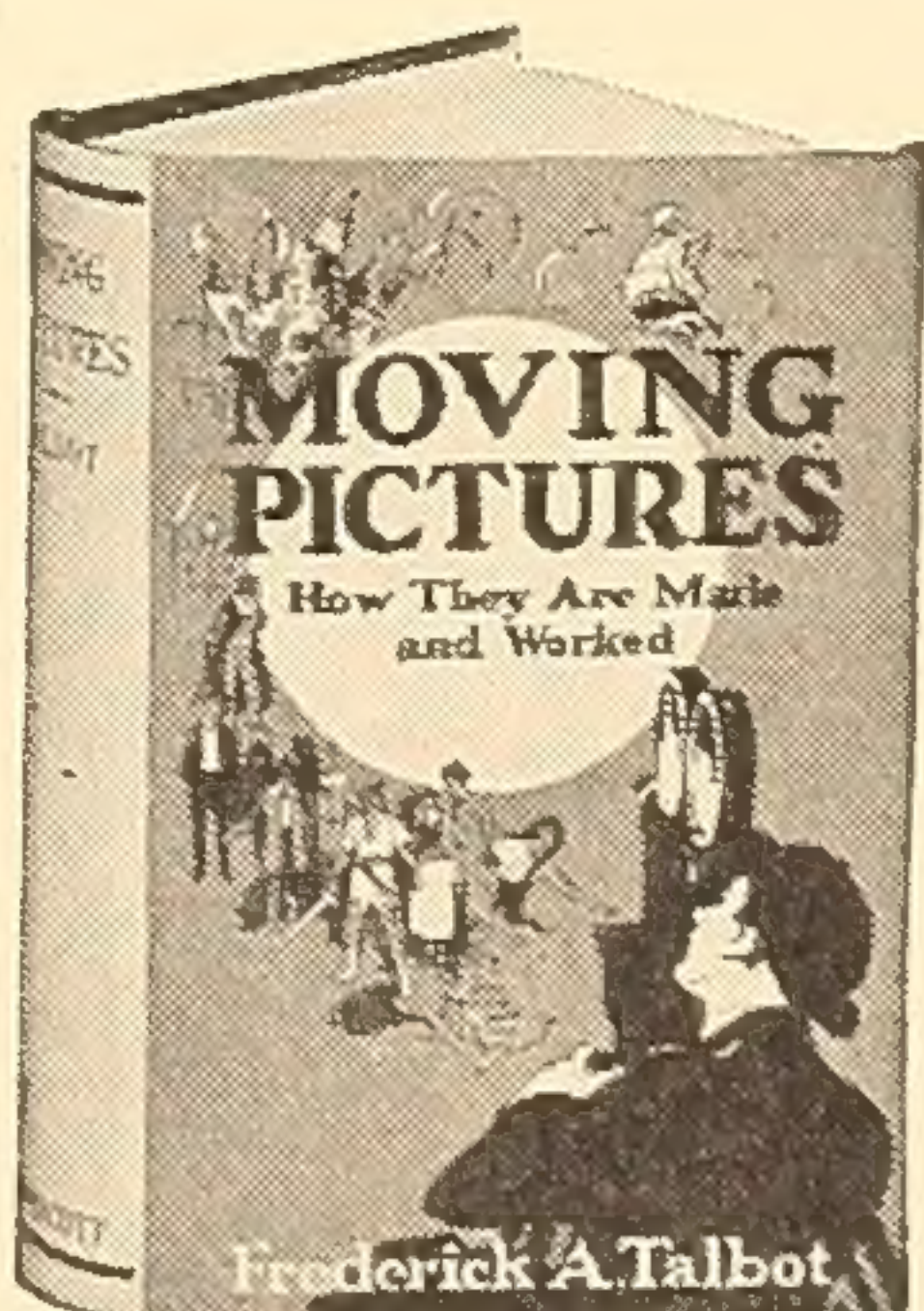
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## SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

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